JULY 2 1937

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VIEW OF REVIEWS

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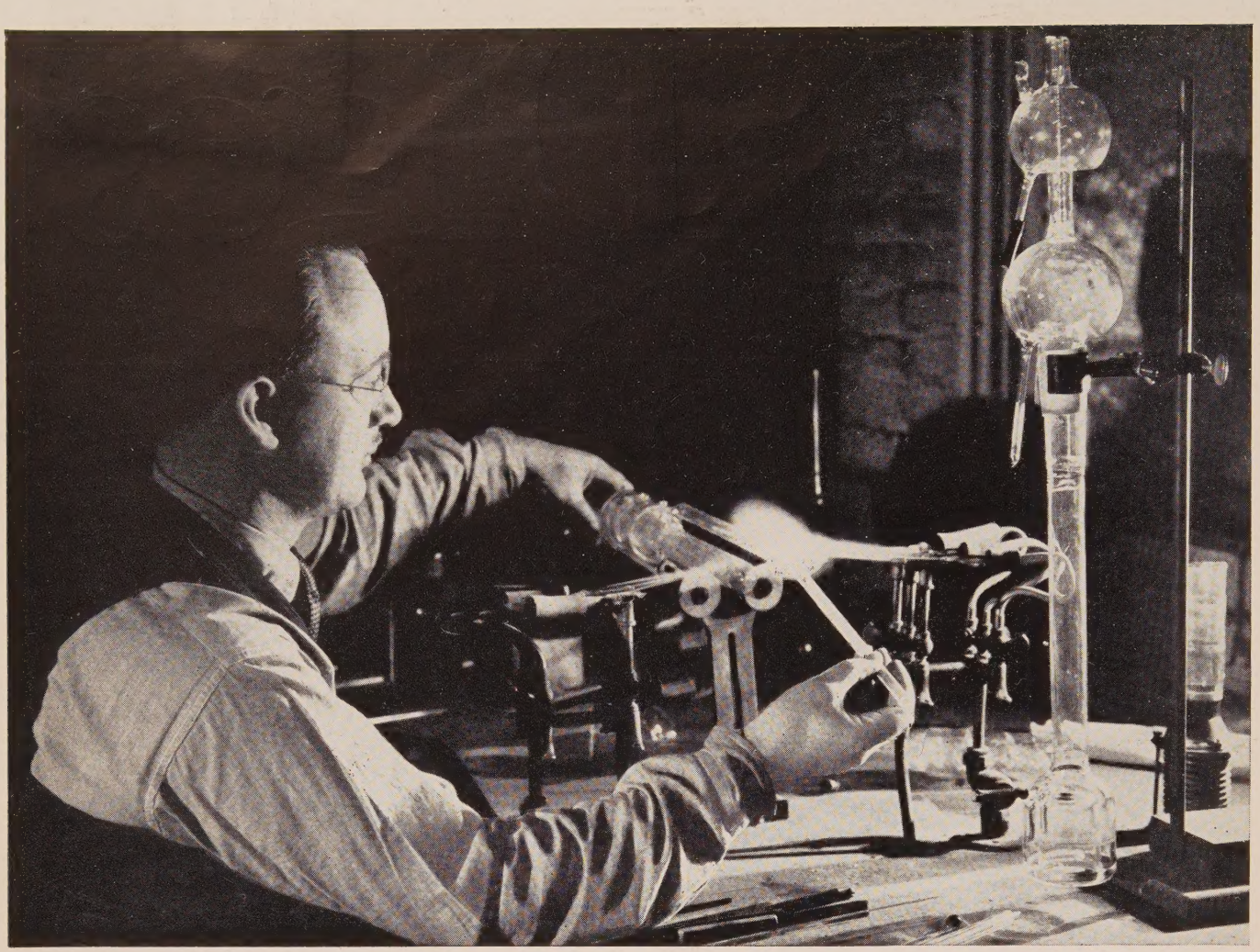

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Albert Shaw, *Editor*
Albert Shaw, Jr., *Publisher*

JULY 24, 1937

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VOL. I NO. 2

CONTENTS

Cover by John Rogers

Editor's Mail 2
Story of a Week
The Nation • Foreign Affairs • Business • Science & Research • Sports • People 5
Fascism 13
Escape 16
Pro and Con 18
Parkins vs. The People 20
Editorial by Albert Shaw 21
Reading Around the World 22
Movies 29
Books in Brief 30
Musical Horizon 31
Spice of Life 32

Managing Editors: Howard Florance, David Page
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Literary Editor: John Bakeless
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National Editor: Thomas K. Krug
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EDITOR'S MAIL

New and Fresh

To the Editor:

It is with keen interest that I learn of the new ownership of the *Literary Digest.*

The new and fresh viewpoint that you and your organization will bring to it should do much to recapture for the *Digest* the enviable position it so long held in its field.

Ernest Fisher,
New York City

Democracy Reborn

To the Editor:

Our greatest need is not the lengthening of a congressman's term or Supreme Court legislation, desirable as both are.

I am sure our greatest need is a competing effort between all our churches, schools, colleges, and the individual; all keeping it firmly in mind to give their new birth of democracy a date to expire; leaving it to the then living to set up such form of democracy and simplified code of laws, as will fit perfectly into the picture of justice for useful service rendered.

We have outlived the mind form of our Federal Constitution by full fifty years, but we shall never outlive the principle of self-government, the judgment of majority to rule and be law. Moreover, if we prize and would perpetuate democracy for ourselves and possibly later for the world, we cannot as a republic get the idea too soon, that democracy must have new birth from time to time to keep in touch with truth and right. Neither is there an ounce of good sense in the long-dead ruling the living. With all our combined intelligence we know better than to try to write a basic guide for those who will live a hundred years from now.

J. J. Kennedy,
Princeton, Idaho

Distinction

To the Editor:

In one of your articles in the Review of Reviews, you told some untruths about Soviet Russia and Stalin. You said that Stalin is a personal dictator and conservative. You stated the U.S.S.R. is a "Red Fascist State." You also stated that the real revolutionists were Trotskyist.

The Soviet Union is not a Red Fascist state and hasn't any resemblance to the Italian and German governments.

Go back to your bourgeois university. Go to Hitler and Mussolini and the high-hat bankers and capitalist scum. Learn your history. Your magazine slanders Russia every chance it has. You are too cynical in your remarks. Another thing, the Soviet government does not interfere

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in domestic affairs of other countries. Each country belongs to the people that inhabit it. Nazis are interfering in American affairs as well as in other countries. Communists do not. You go back to the murderers and fascist barbarians. Go back to school, I repeat.

Why don't you print the truth about the Soviet Union? Why don't you print the truth about Germany and other countries? Why are you silent when it comes to the Soviet Union?

Aaron Fisherman,
Bronx, N. Y.

Consumer's Dollar

To the Editor:

Your review of Mr. White's article on "Consumer's Dollar," to my mind reflects about the proper attitude for a statistician to take as to conclusions from data. After citing an impressive lot of statistics as to where the consumer's dollar goes, he makes the conclusion that he does not know where the consumer's dollar goes. This is modest and truthful, but not overly helpful.

Please compare your editorial on page 17 of the same issue with regard to installment sales, in which you announce a conclusion that $13,000,000,000 in deferred payments is now outstanding. I doubt if any careful reader would accept this conclusion without more facts.

After all, there is $100,000,000,000 of Life Insurance outstanding, nearly all of which is being purchased on the installment plan. There is a still greater amount of Real Estate outstanding, nearly all of which is purchased on the installment plan, and at the present moment there are open accounts unpaid on merchants' books amounting to not less than $5,000,000,000. All these things have an influence on Consumer Credit. The danger which is presented depends entirely on how much of this is unjustifiable, rather than the amount which is outstanding.

Samuel T. Hobbs,
Worcester, Massachusetts

Prevention

To the Editor:

The articles on motoring which have appeared from time to time in your magazine and in other important publications are doing a real public service in promoting scientific traffic control and especially accident prevention.

It seems to me that a plea for increased supervision of traffic on the road would probably accomplish more toward developing safe habits among the driving and walking public than most any other activity at the present time. By increased supervision, I mean an increased number of intelligent, courteous, well-trained enforcement officers.

Dwight McCracken,
Highway Safety Supervisor,
Liberty Mutual Insurance Company

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A DAILY NEWSPAPER FOR ALL THE FAMILY

The Digest

Story of a Week

THE NATION

NEWS of the sudden death of Joseph T. Robinson, Democratic leader in the Senate, struck official Washington last week like a cyclone. Hammering away during President Roosevelt's first term, Senator Robinson had rammed one New Deal measure after another through the upper house. Last week, swallowing his own conservative convictions, he had set out to duplicate his feat with the Administration's new legislative program, especially the compromise Supreme Court bill. His death was a stunning blow to advocates of that bill and of the legislative program in general: wages-and-hours bill, government reorganization, crop control, and the rest.

Whether or not Senator Robinson could have jammed this program through, no one will ever know. Rumors had it that if he were successful he would be appointed to the enlarged Supreme Court. But at the time of his death Democratic disaffection in the Senate over the Court proposal was touching other Administration measures and spreading into the House. The day previous, scores of Democratic Representatives had jumped up and cheered when Congressman Hatton Sumners, Texas Democrat, asked the Court bill's backers to "cease attempting to press through . . . an unnecessary piece of legislation," which, he said, was splitting the Democratic party wide open

JOSEPH T. ROBINSON was a Democratic conservative leading liberals in favor of the Administration's Supreme Court bill. At the head of the conservative opposition force was a Democratic liberal. Senator Burton K. Wheeler is as lanky and loungy as an old-time Western sheriff, just as tough in mind and body. Behind deceptive rimless glasses, his eyes are narrow and sharp. Simultaneously, he suggests shrewd New England and the forthright cattle country. With reason he was born in Massachusetts but went to Montana in his twenties.

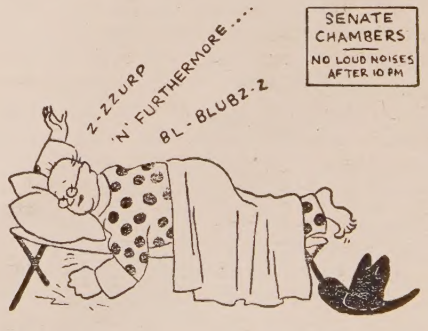
A Bryanite in 1937, Wheeler likes to bust trusts, boost bimetallism, and thump vested interests. His sword is ever out against the power octopus; he wants the Government to own and operate the railroads. He was a liberal when liberalism was considered 'way up the creek; he ran for Vice President with the elder La Follette in 1924. He was one of the early birds for Roosevelt. To each other they are "Burt" and "Frank." But he hates the court plan and tells the President: "It is the difference between you coming out as a great President or as a bad one."

Throat derby

AS NEWS of Robinson's death raced over Capitol Hill, one question popped into every Senator's head: Would this forestall the Court-bill filibuster for which everyone had been watching hawk-like? The original measure to appoint six new justices *en masse* to supplement the six over 70 was dead. The compromise, raising the age limit to 75 and limiting the President to one appointee a year, was in danger of being talked to its grave. Admittedly too weak to vote the bill down, the opposition had threatened to debate all summer to keep it from coming to a vote at all. Such a talk marathon would be the longest in Senate history.

Our filibustering record is held by a leather-lunged band of Democrats who in 1890, rallied against the Republican "force bill," empowering the Government to supervise southern elections. They jabbered for fifty-four days.

The most unpopular filibuster was conducted by "a little group of wilful men" —as Woodrow Wilson dubbed them— who droned on for twenty-two days in 1917. They kept an administration bill (to arm American merchantmen) from coming to a vote, but the country was so incensed that the Senate for the first time in history decided to limit debate. It adopted the cloture rule which, when two-thirds of the Senate concur, restricts orations to one hour per orator. So loath are members to gag each other that the rule has been applied only four times in nineteen years. Former Vice President



HIGHLIGHTS OF THE WEEK

A Senate leader dies	5
A clipper flies the Atlantic	6
No more floods for Shawneetown	6
Little hope for federal economy	6
Administration swings to the right	6
C.I.O. goes out after Ford	7
Hitler's kingdom of God	7
A year of war in Spain	8
Ireland's new constitution	8
The partition of Palestine	9
Farmers grow prosperous	9
Leprosy on the increase	10
Wagner: Immigrant to Senator	12

Dawes wanted the Senate to invoke cloture by a majority vote, but got nowhere.

Most sensational oratorical derbies since 1841, when filibustering began, have been the one-throat feats. The elder LaFollette held out alone for eighteen hours in 1908 He was helped by thirty roll calls which gave him quite a few hours' rest. In 1935 the late Huey Long, without benefit of roll calls, carried on for fifteen and a half hours before falling into his seat perspiring, bedraggled, and beaten.

Filibustering, for which Senators often bring pajamas and cots into their cloakrooms, is attacked for obstructing majority rule. But its supporters argue that it has killed over a billion dollars' worth of useless appropriation bills, and never yet blocked a measure that was really worth while.

Wings over water

BELIEVE it or not after all these years of similar predictions, hopping to London for a weekend will soon be commonplace. A twenty-ton, four motored Pan American clipper has flipped 1995 miles across the north Atlantic from Botwood, Newfoundland, to Foynes, Ireland, on an epochal experimental flight. It carried no passengers but a shipload of valuable data

on transatlantic flying which Pan American Airways will use as a basis for regular passenger schedules next year.

Thus has the lusty infant, aviation, attained its majority. In 1919 Captain John Alcock and Lieutenant Arthur Whitten Brown made a skittish take-off from Botwood in something resembling a winged orange crate and roared out over the fog-blanketed Atlantic. Wind ripped away their flimsy wireless. At one time they found themselves lumbering along upside down, ten feet above the soupy sea Evenutally they landed—nose deep in an Irish bog—and the first flight between North America and Europe was over.

After Charles A. Lindbergh and a score of other fliers had duplicated the Alcock-Brown miracle, leaders in commercial aviation stopped waiting for visions and got down to practical planning.

By 1932 the five-year-old Pan American Airways, which had been busy flinging its airlanes over South America, the Caribbean and the Pacific, was ready to lay down bases at Botwood and Gander Lake, Newfoundland. Great Britain's Imperial Airways, meanwhile, was making similar preparations at Foynes.

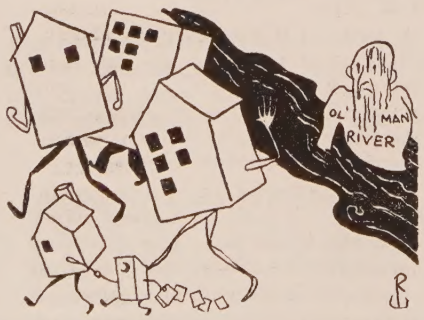
Together the two companies have mapped out three main routes for transatlantic service. New York-Botwood-Foynes-London; New York-Bermuda-Azores-Lisbon-London (longest but with best flying conditions); New York-Botwood-Reykjavik (Iceland)-London. They will not have the skies to themselves. The American Export steamship company is already surveying a southern Atlantic route to the Mediterranean.

Typical of navigators who eventually will wing over the ocean twice weekly with mail and passengers is Harold E. Gray, in command of P.A.A.'s experimental flights. He left Iowa University as a sophomore, got his airlegs at an Army flying school and a degree in aeronautical engineering at Detroit University. For five years he flew P.A.A.'s South American route, then transferred to the clipper service over the Pacific, with its 2410-mile jump from Alameda to Honolulu. Today at 31, with 1,000,000 miles of flying to his credit, he is a "Master of Ocean Flying Boats."

Away from it all

OL' MAN RIVER, turbulent, unpredictable, is scaring people away from his muddy domain. The 1400 citizens of Shawneetown, oldest community in Illinois, have been flooded twice in the last twenty-five years by the rambunctious Ohio, Mississippi-bound. They are tired of it. Next time the river spills over its levees there will be no one in Shawneetown to curse it. The citizens are packing up their chairs, beds, and glassware. Bag and baggage they are moving three miles up into the hills.

It will take them about two years to transplant their town. Federal relief agencies and the Red Cross are furnishing the money. When the job is finished Shawneetown will be brand new, with



three parks, three schools, seven churches, and a Main Street 100 feet wide.

Leavenworth, Ind., citizens also are moving their homes and public buildings to higher ground. Both these transplanting projects are in line with the predictions of geological experts. After the disastrous floods of last winter, Dr. Charles P. Berkey, professor of geology at Columbia University, declared bluntly that man's best flood-prevention schemes could not solve the problem. We can not "dispute the right of way of one of nature's giants," he said. "Our effort by comparison is too puny. . . . The time must come when better plans will be laid. Helpless populations now crowded along the river bottoms in our cities will be provided habitations beyond the reach of danger."

Balancing act

THAT APPARITION, the Balanced Budget, is lurking around Capitol Hill again. President Roosevelt has asked cabinet members and bureau heads to save 10 percent of the appropriations allotted to their departments for the current fiscal year. The $400,000,000 thus lopped off expenditures will—he hopes—result in a "layman's balance" (i.e., a balance exclusive of expenditures for public debt retirement) by next June 30.

In mid-April, the President sent Congress a special budget message requesting $1,500,000,000 for relief and contemplating a deficit of $418,000,000 in this fiscal year. Groups of Senators and Representatives, already frothing over the Administration's plan to enlarge the Supreme Court, suddenly fumed with talk of economy. Senator Byrnes of South Carolina proposed a flat 10 percent slash in all appropriations. A House bloc put up a stiff fight for a $500,000,000-cut in the relief bill. But eventually the "economy revolt" died. Appropriations went through unscratched. The WPA got $1,500,000,000 with no strings attached.

Last week the President supplemented his thrift notice to cabinet heads with a thrift act. He vetoed a bill giving farmers a reduction in interest on mortgages held by the Government. The measure would have upset the 1938 budget by some $30,000,000.

Hot to cool to cold

A STRICT RULE forbids reporters at White House press conferences to quote the President directly. Mr. Roosevelt occasionally suspends it, but he did not suspend it when reporters asked him about rumors that he and John L. Lewis had broken off relations. He simply said such rumors did not need comment.

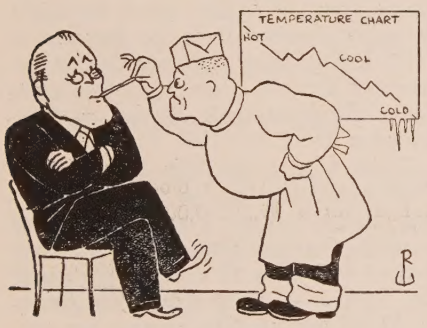
The rumors, implying that the Administration is souring on labor because of C.I.O. violence and violated contracts, are based on recent acts and utterances by the President and several of his top-flight supporters. Early acts and utterances show a warm glow toward labor; late ones seem cool and cindery. The record, by states, dates, and individuals:

District of Columbia: President Roosevelt: June 15: Intimates that employers ready to accept a verbal agreement with workers should be willing to sign a written

one. June 21: Asks steel officials not to open plants at Youngstown next day. June 29: Declares that of recent strike episodes the majority of people are saying, "A plague on both your houses." July 10: Says Federal employees may organize but have no right to strike and, since Congress sets their wages and hours, have little use for collective bargaining.

District of Columbia: Secretary of Labor Perkins: January 26: "There was a time when picketing was considered illegal, and before that strikes of any kind were illegal. The legality of the sit-down strike has yet to be determined." March 28: "The sit-down strike technique is a violation of the law of trespass, which is at present very local." July 3: "It is not and never has been an official position of the Department of Labor or of the Secretary that sit-down strikes are either lawful, desirable, or appropriate . . . From many aspects the method appears to be one which should be abandoned."

Pennsylvania: Governor Earle: June 13: "The unions simply want contracts and I feel they are entitled to them." June 19: Declares martial law to close



the Bethlehem plant at Johnstown. June 24: Calls off martial law and permits the plant to reopen. July 4: "There are three things labor must do . . . stamp those God-damned Communists out of the labor movement . . . show the general public they won't stand for violence . . . and . . . labor must keep its contracts."

Ohio: Governor Davey: June 21: Sends troops to keep struck steel plants closed. June 24: Orders troops to see that workers "who want to return to their employment shall enjoy the privilege" and declares: "The right to work is sacred."

Fight at Ford's

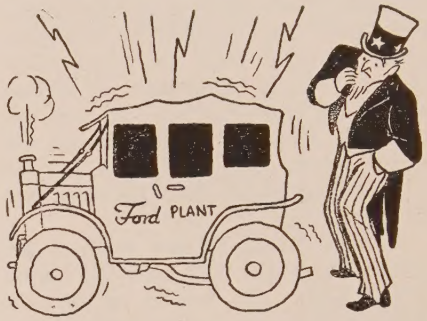
"EVERY PLACE you looked someone was being knocked around by four or five people." The speaker was a witness before a trial examiner for the National Labor Relations Board. The knocking around had taken place on May 26 at Henry Ford's giant River Rouge plant in Dearborn.

Just who knocked whom and why are questions the board has been looking into. It has charged the Ford Motor Company with violating the Wagner Act by "interfering with, restraining and coercing" employees and by "malicious and brutal assaults" on organizers for the United Automobile Workers, a C.I.O. affiliate. The company denies the charge, blames the violence on the unions, and disputes the Board's authority to regulate relations between employers and workers "engaged in local production"—i.e., not engaged in interstate commerce. Apparently it is prepared to carry its case to the Supreme Court on the old issue of states' versus federal rights. The Court has often ruled that the Federal Government has no right to regulate labor relations outside interstate commerce; but the Court also has often reversed itself.

When labor organizers flay Ford wages and launch a drive to unionize the 90,000 Ford workers in the Detroit area, many a veteran of American labor wars pinches himself to see if he is asleep. Ford's wages have been as famous as his dislike of unions and his conviction that high pay and short hours "mean good business for everybody." He startled the world with his $5-a-day minimum in 1914. He startled it again when he jacked the minimum up to $7 in 1929. The depression knocked it off that high horse, but it is back to $6 today.

Too low, says the C.I.O., setting $8 as the proper minimum. In the opinion of Homer Martin, president of the Automobile Workers, "the idea of high wages and good working conditions in the Ford Motor Company is a myth."

On May 26, therefore, the union sent agents to distribute leaflets at Dearborn. There followed the fist-and-feet fracas between Ford employees (hired hoodlums, says the C.I.O.) and union representatives (trouble-making trespassers, says the company.) There followed, too, the Labor Board's intervention and the arraignment of eight Ford employees in a Detroit court on charges of felonious assault. Inevitably it all recalls Ford's lone-wolf fight against the NRA in 1933, when he refused to sign the auto code.



With Ford on the labor stage, attention shifted from the struck steel mills, practically all of which were open and operating last week. According to William Green, president of the American Federation of Labor and rival of John L. Lewis, the steel strikes "are lost." Lost because "only a minority of the steel workers . . . were organized when the strikes were called." Lost because C.I.O. violence made public opinion "openly hostile."

"Droolings from the pallid lips of a traitor," is Mr. Lewis' answer to that.

• •

WILLIAM H. VANDERBILT, as quoted in an interview with the Chicago Tribune, about 1883: "The public be damned."

John L. Lewis, as quoted in an interview with Washington correspondents, July, 1937: "If the public wants to approve the C.I.O., it can; if it wants to disapprove it, it can."

The Public: "Soooooo? Huuh."

FOREIGN AFFAIRS

A CONFLICT between the disciples of Christ and the disciples of Hitler rages in Germany. Traditional Christianity is once again a catacomb church First the nazis liquidated Jews. Now they persecute god-fearing Catholics and Protestants. These choose to leaven their Christianity with a little nazi-ism, whereas the nazis prefer to leaven their nazi-ism with a little Christianity. The secular state of Adolf Hitler allows ***small room for the Kingdom of God.***

Climaxing a long wave of Christian persecution, the government finally arrested Protestant pastor Martin Niemoeller, shining beacon of traditional Christianity, charging him with crimes against the state.

In this battle of creeds three key personalities emerge:

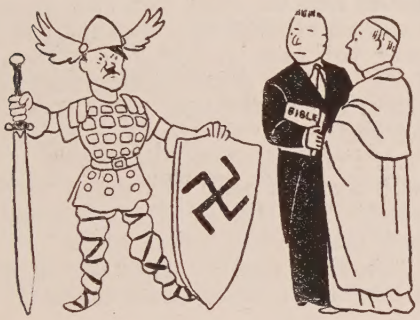
1. Martin Niemoeller. The fighting pastor has kept his sailor gait and military appearance since war-days. As a submarine commander he became the "terror of Malta" and carried out the longest sub raid on record. In 116 days he sank 55,000 tons of Allied cargoes. On the Armistice, Niemoeller resigned rather than scuttle his sub at Scapa Flow. Later he studied for the ministry, farmed a bit, worked as a railroad trackman, and fought in ex-officers' leagues against the communists.

Orthodox, anti-communist, pro-nazi pastor in the well-to-do Protestant parish of Dahlem, Berlin suburb, Niemoeller's booming voice was heard by thousands, including some of the nazi élite, as he thundered against Hitler's attempt to secularize the church, to make good Christians goosestep. This the frank and outspoken pastor would not tolerate. Von Ribbentrop, Hitler's right-hand man and ambassador to England, is said to have asked to join his parish. Niemoeller refused him; an extreme nazi, the pastor

claimed, cannot also be a sincere and true Christian.

2. Cardinal Archbishop Michael von Faulhaber of Munich. Anti-nazi from the start, he opposes their Jew-baiting, war-worship, and paganism; is now fighting (along with Protestants) to save their "common Christian heritage" from nazi onslaughts. The Cardinal is intelligent, clever, majestic. Once when nazi police "invited" him to follow them, he said he would, provided: (1) he could wear his cardinal's robes; (2) walk through the streets, surrounded by nazi police; (3) sign a paper lying on his desk. The paper was an interdict.

3. Hans Kerrl, Hitler's minister for church affairs. His back-bone is a lawyer named Muhs, who belongs to the neo-pagans. Tall, broad-shouldered, hefty, Kerrl is close to Hitler and Goering; took



part in the famous Munich beer-hall putsch of 1923. A rabid anti-semite, he has ousted Jews more ruthlessly than even the Reich laws against non-Aryans provide. His followers believe that Hitler is a personal envoy of God.

Against such paganism Niemoeller quotes the Bible: "Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's and unto God the things that are God's." But the Modern Caesar of nazidom is bent on pursuing his own version of Bismarck's old (and unsuccessful) *Kulturkampf*.

Sidelight on Spain!

EVERYBODY knows that Hitler is on the rebel side in the Spanish war—that he is the fascist pal of Senor Franco. This is partly because Franco denounces reds, mostly because ***Germany needs Spanish iron and copper.*** Also, if the Reich exerts enough nuisance-value in Spain it may be able to horse-trade for colonial concessions, or for Balkan influence, in exchange for being good.

Too-slow German Heinkel and Junkers planes, outstanding Oerlikon anti-tank and anti-aircraft guns, inferior Suhl tanks, Goebbels propaganda, drivers, flyers, technicians, maybe money—these are Hitler's contributions to Franco's cause.

Everybody knows, too, that German exiles—liberals and radicals—are fighting on the other side, the loyalist side, in Spain. They are second strongest (after the French) in Herr Kleber's polyglot international brigade. They have fought well, lost heavily, included in their ranks famous writers, politicos, military men (like Ludwig Renn and Major Deutsch and heroes from Verdun).

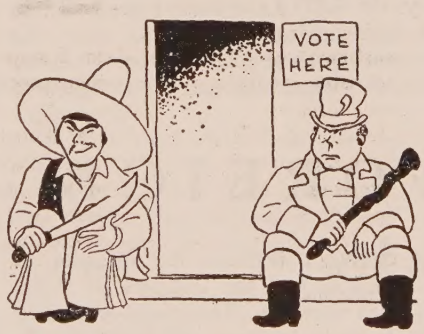
What few know is that the semi-official Krupp armament works—run by ardent Hitler fans—have been selling guns allegedly to the loyalists, with whom Hitler is at war. Franco's rebels found whole batteries of Krupps at Bilbao when they captured the town in June after defeating the loyalist Basques! Also, Krupps seem to have sold new war equipment to Denmark, the Danes having disposed of their old war equipment to the loyalists. Copenhagen paid Krupps with "red" Spanish loyalist gold. Blood, iron, and profits.

In Germany herself, secret financial funds are being raised for the loyalists through working-class subscriptions; while the general staff Junkers oppose nazi intervention in Spain.

Mexican maneuvers

"A MERE 10 percent of the opposition was allowed to vote," says the Mexican opposition, following the triennial general election held early this month. There are 173 seats in the Chamber of Deputies, and the National-Revolutionary party of President Lazaro Cardenas won virtually all. Main opposition came from the Social-Democrats of Jorge Prieto Laurens, who garnered a few seats.

Doubtless there was electoral trickery, but the vast bulk of Mexicans are for Cardenas and his somewhat radical leftist reforms. More moderate toward churchly clericals than some other Mexican leaders



(as in agnostic states like Vera Cruz and Tobasco), El Presidente is a stiff enemy of feudal proprietors who made peons of once independent Mexican Indians—solid citizens and basic backbone of Mexican agriculture. Nor do foreign investors in Mexican mines and oil wells meet with presidential favor, as Cardenas really applies the liberal provisions of the 1917 constitution.

Cheap militarissimos once were aces high in Mexico. Today it is ***union leaders*** who pipe the pace; a vast improvement. Unions of government employees are guaranteed by the government the right to strike against the government! Culturally Mexico repudiates the grisly Spanish heritage and prides herself on going back to the Indian—a new-old synthesis of Marx and Montezuma typified by Diego Rivera, arty muralist.

Mexico is a quarter the size of U. S. A. and used to be several times bigger. She holds nearly 17 million people, third in the New World to Uncle Sam and Brazil. There are only 2 million whites—"Castilian" and "Gringo." The rest are redmen and proud of it.

Roar, China

FOR TWO YEARS the 29th Route army of China and the North China Garrison army of Japan have been at bitter feud, quartered near at hand. By the Yungting River, a few miles west of northerly Peiping (once the Chinese capital), the rival forces clash bloodily as the Chinese government wrangles with that of Japan over authority in the Chinese north. A few days earlier, Japanese and Russian soldiers took pot-shots in a critical sort of mixup along the Amur River, boundary between Soviet Siberia and Jap-run Manchukuo. Here again it was a question of territorial jurisdiction.

Better known than the 29th is the 19th Route army of China, which heroically defended Shanghai from the Japanese in 1932. It hails from southerly Canton, resembling Kleber's international brigade in Spain. Kleber himself is said to have served in it.

There is also the 20th Route army, which operates in hapless western Szechwan province, whence it hales. At its head is tough General Yang-sen, a notorious warlord with some 27 wives in full standing. Yang is 40 years of age, and boasts of 40 children to date, turning out perhaps two or three per year.

Yang makes Hitler or Mussolini look like pikers in the matter of youth-control and child-militaristics. Every young-Yang begins ***military training at 7,*** with advance tactics and maneuvers for those who have reached 14. The Yang-young army is coeducational and quite in the Italo-German spirit. When visitors come to see the general he orders a formal review and parade, and Yang-youth march by the sightseers in serried ranks and at rigid attention. Japan, so far, remains unperturbed over this phase.

Eire is airy

EIRE (pronounced Airy) now functions as a free republic under a new De Valera constitution—promulgated in May, ratified in July. The Eirish people endorsed the constitution 688,000 to 528,000, but in the general election held on the same day they failed to give De Valera himself an absolute majority in the Dail.

He won only 69 seats, while the mildly pro-British Cosgrave party (his main rival), the Laborites, and independents won another 69 seats. The Laborites are inclined to be friendly, and "Dev" will

work in alliance with them (they have 13 seats) in order to get anything done. This half-Spanish mathematician and favorite son of New York, where he was born, is reported to be disappointed. In a few months he may call yet another election.

The ***new Eirish constiiution*** never mentions Anglo-king or Empire. It establishes a 60-man Senate, abolishes the British governor-generalship, makes Gaelic the official tongue. An Eirish Supreme Court takes the place of the British Privy Council as haven of last resort. The 7-year Eirish president appoints his own premier and cabinet, responsible to him alone as in America.

There is no state church in Eire, but clerical influence is exerted: no divorce for any reason; a "moral" censorship of radio, art, press, and cinema which drives intellectuals crazy. Northern Ireland (mostly Protestant) De Valera hopes to take into his camp, for that hard-shell entity is still organically a part of Great Britain. The North Irish Catholic minority favors De Valera and doubtless union will come to pass as diehard leaders of the north move on to the imperial Windsor Valhalla. Eire treats Protestants very well. Her population is 3 million; that of Northern Ireland is 1 million.

Three Palestines?

PALESTINE is divided into III parts, somewhat in the manner of C. J. Caesar. They are going to chop it up: a third Arab, a third Jewish, a third British-mandate.

Back in 1915 England was not doing so well in the war. Palestine belonged to an enemy, Turkey. Mr. Bull promised the Arabs a vaguely defined nationhood if they would revolt against Mr. Turk (remember "Lawrence of Arabia"). Then, in 1917, Mr. Bull wanted to win over World Jewry; so Mr. Balfour promised the Zionist Jews a vaguely defined nationhood too. It seems that the tricky Anglo- promises overlapped; a British mandate for Palestine was set up after the war; Jewish immigrants and Arab native sons have clashed, noisily and bloodily, ever since. There are 370,000 Jews and 850,000 Arabs in Palestine.

Now a Palestine Royal Commission makes recommendations, with official British concurrence. They are sensible, will probably go through; yet ***everybody objects.*** Hence British warships and troops, to maintain order if possible. The new plan is roughly as follows:

A Jewish state, an Arab state, and a British mandate. Jews would get the north and a long coastal strip; Arabs, most of the interior joined to Arab Transjordani Jaffa seaport, and a coastal strip down t. Egypt; British, a Jerusalem-Jaffa corridor to the sea, including Bethlehem, also northern Nazareth and the Sea of Galilee.

It may take years to put the Royal Commission plan into operation. Meanwhile, from this August to next March, only 8,000 Jews may immigrate to Palestine. In some years (due to Polish and nazi persecution) Jewish immigration has totalled 60,000. Bright and industrious, Jews have economically ousted the poor, backward Arabs who now wave nazi

swastikas, read Hitler's "Mein Kampf" and listen to Italian and German propaganda broadcasts.

Since Palestine, in toto, is a British-held League of Nations mandate, League permission must be granted for the new triple division. Also an American O. K., for Uncle Sam has a special treaty with Palestine under the existing unitary League mandate.

BUSINESS

OUR WEEK in the realm of finance and business offers ***two cheerful notes.*** One is a rise in security values, notably common shares on the New York Stock Exchange. The other is a report of rising numbers of persons employed, issued by the Federal Reserve Board.

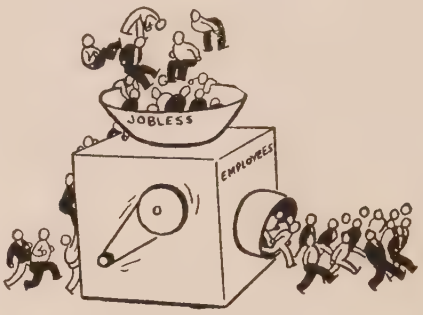
For months the stock market had failed to reflect higher earnings in industry, in public utilities, and in railroading. The Dow-Jones average of 30 industrial stocks, for example, that registered 178 on January 1, stood at 194 on March 10. Labor unrest, actual and impending, was a wet blanket.

But as C.I.O. hit the smaller steel companies, and governors called out troops to aid the strikers, that average quickly dropped to 165 on June 14.

Steel management, however, was adamant against complete surrender to C.I.O., public opinion brought an about-face by the governors, Mr. Lewis tasted his first defeat, and investors found new hope. The Dow-Jones average that had dropped from 194 to 165 by June 14, had risen to 178 on July 13.

Reporting on persons employed in non-agricultural pursuits, the Federal Reserve Board notes that 8¾ million have found jobs since the low point of March 1933. But the increase in number of unemployed (or on relief), over 1929, is greater than the decline in the number of employed.

According to this analysis, when 1 to 1½ million more jobs are found there will be more persons at work than in glorious 1929. Construction and transportation alone, if at normal levels, would close the gap. Hardly a reason for cheering is the fact that there are 300,000 more persons now employed in "government and the professions" (which means government) than in 1929.



The figures are as of May, and show 34,722,000 non-agricultural persons then at work.

Prosperous farmer

IN FARM journals, newspapers, and crop reports farmers are finding pleasant reading these warm July evenings. Most pleasing, however, is the Department of Agriculture prediction that farm income this year will top $10,500,000,000—the highest in eight years.

If the Department's prognostication comes true—barring droughts and other calamities, it will—farmers will be tuckinfi $1,000,000,000 more into their jeans this year than they did last and $5,000,000,000 more than in 1932. Two dollars, that is, for every dollar received five years ago. And since a good half of our population is engaged in agriculture, the added money that farmers have to spend for farm machinery, automobiles, clothes, travel, and recreation will be reflected in better business for the other half.

To prove its ***cause for optimism,*** the Department of Agriculture points to an expected 2,500,000,000-bushel bumper corn crop (1,000,000,000 bushels more than last year); to an 882,000,000-bushel wheat crop (267,000,000 bushels greater than 1936); to a 14,000,000-bale cotton crop (1,900,000 bales more than last year). In fact, there will be a sharp increase in all crop production.

In terms of the consumer's dollar, the farmer now receives 47 cents out of every dollar spent for food (only half a cent less than in 1929), whereas in 1932, he obtained but 32 cents.

But the farmer needs no such statistical proof to tell him his economic position is improving. I. Prices he is receiving for his crops are the best since 1930. 2. The ratio of farm prices to urban prices (purchasing power of the farmer) has jumped

back to its 1925 level. 3. Rumors are rife about crop shortages abroad. 4. Demand for farm products keeps pace with the quickened tempo in industry. 5. There are fewer farmers to share the gravy.

The farmer has not always had as happy a lot as he faces this year. In the past two decades, he has run the gamut of

agricultural woes, all the way from crop surpluses and price collapse to droughts and dust storms.

The World War brought a vast inflation in commodity prices. Demand for American crops abroad sent prices skyrocketing, caused the farmer to buy more land and plant more seed. During the postwar period, he saw a collapse in farm prices, together with a sharp drop in land prices. Later the worldwide depression beginning in 1929 created a disparity between farm and industrial prices, forced farm prices still lower. But, as is normal in a recovery period, farm prices have recovered faster than industrial prices, and in the last three years, devaluation of the dollar, increased consumer demand, and droughts have combined to raise farm prices to a parity with industrial prices

Give him parity!

WITH EACH new trouble heaped upon the farmer during the past twenty years, has come a Government panacea Features of the 1920-28 period were tariff protection and the abortive McNary-Haugen legislation. Between 1929 and 1932, the Federal Farm Board attempted to bolster prices through buying up surplus wheat and cotton. With the advent of the New Deal, the farmer came under the jurisdiction of the Agricultural Adjustment Administration, which gave him benefit payments in return for a cut in acreage production. Today he still receives relief under the Soil Conservation Act and other aids such as seed loans.

This year's contribution to the perennial crop of farm panaceas is the proposed ***ever-normal granary*** plan. Not unlike the action of Joseph in Biblical Egypt in storing grain during seven good years, then selling it during seven bad years, the scheme would plan against shortages in food by storing up surpluses in times of plenty, would thus hope to stabilize prices.

Since the war there has been a marked change in economic thinking about the farmer. During the early 1920s, the cry was for a "fair share of the national income." Later the demand grew for "price parity." Now the goal is "income parity."

And by income parity is meant balance between farm and industrial income. Economists in recent years have been leaning to the view that, in the final analysis, the ease with which the farmer can exchange his goods for the products of the industrial worker determines his well being. If the goods he produces can be equally exchanged for the goods produced by the industrial worker, balance between the two is said to exist.

The Department of Agriculture is now undertaking an inquiry into what constitutes parity between farm and industrial workers. Thus far, on the basis of the 1910-14 level of commodity prices, the Department estimates that the ratio between what farmers receive for their goods and the prices they pay for living costs declined from 105 in 1920 to 61 in 1932. recovered to 96 in May of this year.

Meanwhile the National Industrial Conference Board has already published a report, "Income in Agriculture, 1929-1935," which draws the following comparisons between farm and urban income:

In 1929, net income of farm operators averaged $1,300 compared with average full-time salaries and wages in retail trade of $1,312, and average salaries and wages in manufacturing of $1,492.

In 1933, farm operators' average net income was $750, compared with average full-time salaries and wages in manufacturing of $965, and average full-time salaries and wages in retail trade of $986.

In 1935, farm operators' average net income amounted to $900, compared with average full-time salaries and wages in manufacturing of $1,156 and average full-time salaries and wages of $915 in retail trade—again excluding the unemployed.

From these figures the Conference Board concludes: "In 1929 the net occupational incomes of farm operators were about on a par with those of other gainfully occupied groups in most regions of the country, and considerably higher in some regions. Available data for later years indicate that there was an income disadvantage for farm operators as compared with fully employed persons in manufacturing and retail trade, but that farmers were about on a par with salary and wage earners as a whole."

Prospect for cotton

COTTON presents the most interesting problem among the commodities, from the supply-and-demand standpoint. The trade has not even begun to figure out the long-pull price equation, for the elements of production and consumption are in such an early formative state that forecasts would be subject to wide variations and shifting opinion. Thus far the only basis for yield calculation is the acreage estimate of the Department of Agriculture, on July 8; area planted and to-be-planted to cotton is estimated at 34,192,000 acres, compared with 30,960,000 last year, an increase of 10.4 percent. The first forecast of production is due August 9.

Judged by the action of the market, this acreage report was below general trade expectations. Some private authorities had placed the increase at from 13 to 15 percent, and the average guess of New York Cotton Exchange members put it at 11.5 percent.

In market terminology this may be described as a "psychological surprise," and the upturn of half a cent in prices was due to covering by trade and speculative short sellers. At the same time a contingent of bullish operators took the buying side on the expectation of crop deterioration during the trying months of July and August.

Production outlook from the standpoint of yield-per-acre is ***decidedly hopeful.*** Stands of cotton are above average, cultivation has been unusually efficient, fertilization most liberal, and there has been an absence of heavy, washing rains; all suggesting less than the usual abandonment of acreage. In addition, the heaviest increase in acreage is in states of largest potential yield per acre.

SCIENCE & MEDICINE

DR. VICTOR G. HEISER, absent six months examining 2,000 of the (multiplying) 80,000 lepers in Basutoland, South Africa, comes ashore at New York, sixty-eight but youthfully ardent, to start a new chapter in his remarkable "Odyssey"—of thirty years fighting plagues the globe-over. Enthused to corral $2,000,000 to combat leprosy, he announces that already Great Britain has volunteered an annual $100,000 subsidy for world leper-work, that already thirty nations have accepted his bid to the International Leprosy Association Congress to convene at Cairo, Egypt—March next.

Dr. Heiser projects a world war against this foulest of diseases—whose origins are lost in pre-history, whose weird upflare in the Middle Ages waned weirdly, simultaneously, with (perhaps because of) the spread of the novel morbidity, syphilis.

But ***leprosy is now on the increase*** in South Africa, is prevalent in tropical Africa generally, in Asia, the East Indies, the Philippines, Hawaii, Finland, Nova Scotia, and in sections of many other countries. There are 500,000 cases in Indo-China estimates Dr. Heiser.

In continental U. S. there are no more than 1,000 lepers—who may or may not be

on the increase. Here leprosy is concentrated chiefly in Florida, Louisiana, and California. Yet there are some fifty lepers in New York.

Leprosy, probably caused by the rod-like *Bacillus leprae,* has two main forms. In one, nodules or lumpy areas develop—frequently, giving the head a hideous, leonine appearance. In the other, the "smooth" type, nerves are attacked, and the portions of the body—such as toes, fingers, whole hands—formerly controled by these nerves, decay and drop off. This "smooth" variety is regarded as more curable than the nodular. Nevertheless, no true specific has as yet been discovered—though chaulmoogra oil (in the succulent fruit of an East-Indian plum-tree) is often distinctly beneficial.

Research is baffled in a major way by the inability of bacteriologists to infect any animal with the bacillus of human leprosy. "Rat leprosy" resembles human leprosy, but the bacterium involved is not *Bacillus leprae.* Dr. Heiser reports that the carabao, a Javan water-buffalo, has been found to suffer from what is thought to be a form of leprosy.

Since so little is known about this ancient, horrible affliction, it is to be hoped that Dr. Heiser quickly secures his fund. Indeed, scientists the best-informed are unaware whether or not the incidence of leprosy is now on the rise again.

Museums come to life

LIFE is coming to the dead. A Hall of Animal Behavior will soon enliven the American Museum of Natural History in New York. Homes of mummies and of the dead past will be quickened by living creatures. A large microvivarium, rival of the planetarium, will be the outstanding feature of this new hall. Here the life-dramas of hordes of micro-animals are to be magnified 160,000 to 4,000,000 times, and projected upon screens for audiences to see. ***Hosts of microbes*** and larger creatures will hunt, attack, devour, even reproduce, for popular enlightenment.

Marvelously intricate techniques required for culturing, preserving, and intelligibly micro-projecting these frailest organisms have been perfected by Dr. George Roemmert, German scientist who devised the world's first microvivarium, at Munich, and the remarkably successful microvivarium at Chicago's Century of Progress. Dr. G. Kingsley Noble, curator of experimental biology, pioneer in the field of the living museum, is directing the preparation of this Hall of Animal Behavior.

Chicago's Museum of Science and Industry is likewise considering a microvivarium. And, probably in the near future, microvivaria and whole halls of animal behavior—theaters of dramatized science as distinguished from ordinary zoos, or collections of labeled animals—will win their place in the instruction and entertainment of the public.

Hopping calamity

EMBATTLED western farmers are broadcasting arsenic by the carload. War against an unequaled infestation of grasshoppers is ***now at its crisis.***

Nebraska—looking forward to a bumper corn crop—has the maximum visitation, avers O. S. Bare, entomologist of Nebraska Agricultural College. Colorado's insects are almost as multitudinous. "You can walk seven miles near Hugo (Colorado) without stepping off dead hoppers," claims Don McMillan, of Otero County.

New Mexico, Kansas, Oklahoma, North Dakota also are menaced. Poison bait—bran and sodium arsenite—is being mixed at stations in thirty-one counties of southern Wisconsin, reports E. L. Chambers, state entomologist.

Prediction of this unparalleled plague was achieved early this year by inspector-scientists of the U. S. Department of Agriculture. They counted the eggs (laid last year) in selected fields.

Entomologist Bare warns that farmers must wage decisive combat at this "most critical stage"—before the insects are fully mature. Else crops will suffer far severer damage, and still heavier deposits of eggs will be made this fall: a threat to next year's crops. Thus seemingly endless are the western farmer's tribulations: drought, dust-storms, and now insects—to gnaw away the first (in many sections) crops raised since 1934.

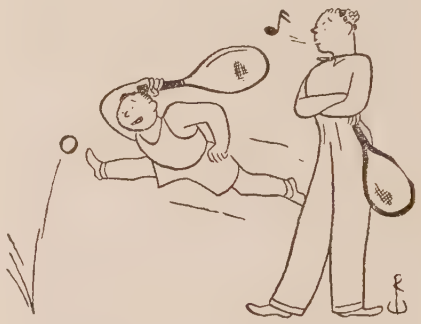
SPORTS

ON SATURDAY of this week a British tennis team minus Fred Perry steps out on the famous courts at Wimbledon, probably to lose the Davis Cup won in 1933 and successfully defended in each of three following years. For six prior years, from '27 to '32, the French had reigned supreme; and for seven years before that, from '20 to '26, the United States had swept the courts.

Davis Cup tennis is largely ***a one-man affair.*** When Tilden ruled, the silver bowl rested in the United States. When Lacoste (and later Cochet) was the world's best, it was held by France. When Perry was tops, it belonged in England. With Donald Budge this month winning or sharing three Wimbledon championships—singles, doubles and mixed doubles, the first time in all tennis history that one man won all three—the United States fans have looked forward to the beginning of a new cycle of supremacy.

When Budge returns, probably to win our singles championship at Forest Hills in September, his greatest fight will be to withstand the lure of gold dangled before his eyes by the promoters of professional tennis. Tilden yielded. So did Vines and Perry. A last winter's wage of perhaps $100,000 was Perry's reward in the United States alone, and he and Vines are still barnstorming in Europe for cash instead of glory. Promoters of pro tennis need a new human sacrifice each winter, and Budge will be more than human if he fails to entertain their prospective offer seriously.

Promoters of simon-pure tennis are plainly worried. A possible "out" for them is an open tournament, where amateur and professional may fight it out. There would then be less likelihood of a flattering offer being laid at the door



of a youngster so long and so carefully developed by the U. S. Lawn Tennis Association for Davis Cup play. Meanwhile lanky Budge and shorty Grant reign supreme.

Vaulting high

THOSE who hope to see pole-vaulters this season clear the bar at 15 feet are still waiting. Two men have gone over at 14 feet 11 inches—Bill Sefton and Earle Meadows. Their soaring ability, plus the fact that they both jump for the same California club, earns for them the sobriquet "heavenly twins." And at the A.A.U. championships earlier this month four men, all Californians, tied at 14 feet 7⅝ inches. The other two were Cornelius Warmerdam and George Varoff.

Thirteen feet in pole-vaulting was reached for the first time in 1912, fourteen feet in 1927. Fifteen feet may be ex-

pected any week-end. The bar has thus been moved ***fully two feet higher*** in a quarter-century, due to improvement in knack and style rather than in physique. In the same period the 100-yard-dash record has been lowered only two tenths of a second, from 9.6 to 9.4.

Gliding champ

To the President of the Soaring Society of America went the national gliding championship at Elmira, N. Y., last week; to the son of the donor, A. Felix duPont, went the trophy and $500 for soaring 5890 feet high (more than a mile). Winner of both honors was youthful Richard C. duPont.

DuPont's victory was somewhat Pyrrhic, Peter Riedel, German and therefore ineligible for the U. S. title, beating him on points and making the longest hop of 133 miles in 6 hours, 32 minutes. His countrymen hold all three world records (altitude 14,190 feet, distance 313 miles, endurance 40 hours 45 minutes).

Launched into the air in kite fashion, gliders derive their power from sliding downhill on the air. To gain altitude they rely on up-currents of air, the result of either thermals (warm air) or slope winds, deflected upward by hitting a hill).

PEOPLE

Some 45 years old, ***Prince Fumimaro Konoye*** is the second youngest premier in Japanese history. Hailing from a 1000-year-old aristocratic family, he was born "divine" but poor. Modest and good-humored, Konoye says he is henpecked at home, "a very humble person" politically. He smokes lots, drinks little, usually sports a kimono. Like his son, captain-elect of the Princeton golf team, Konoye likes golf and pranks. He recently masqueraded as Hitler at a costume party. Like his brother, who has just resigned from the House of Peers and plans to conduct the Hollywood Bowl orchestra this summer, the premier is also musical.

Konoye's greatest disabilities are health and nerves. He lost eight pounds during his first week in office. Yet he refuses to move from his stuffy mansion to the new bombproof home built to protect (and un-nerve) Jap premiers.

As a young hothead Konoye was pink. Maturity has made him politically grey. He seeks a middle course—military credits for the army, civil reforms for the politicians, power for himself. Towards America he is friendly. From his radical youth he still believes in a redistribution of wealth—no longer at capitalism's expense, but China's.

• •

Robert Ferdinand Wagner has the uncommon distinction of being both a successful liberal and a successful machine politician. In the Senate he has sponsored or co-sponsored such hefty left-of-center measures as the National Industrial Recovery Act, the Railroad Pension Law, the Social Security Act, the National Labor Relations Law, and an anti-lynching bill. Soon his colleagues will be considering a great low-cost housing program which he introduced last February.

At the same time he is such a crackerjack electioneer that Tammany Hall pleads with him to accept the Democratic nomination for Mayor of New York City. He is the only man, they insist, who can unseat the popular Fiorello H. LaGuardia at the polls next fall.

Liberalism and political prowess are both attributable to Wagner's early background. Dumped on New York's unfriendly docks after crossing the Atlantic from Germany in a stokehold, he found lodging in a shabby basement in Manhattan's Yorkville (German) district. He hawked papers to buy his first pair of shoes and lived for weeks at a time on pickled pig's-head.

After working his way through the City College of New York ('98) and New York Law School, he joined the local Tammany club and was off on a political career. Five years after graduation he was state assemblyman, then state senator, lieutenant governor, and New York supreme court justice. By 1926 he was ready to hitch his wagon to the star of the United States Senate.

In Washington, Wagner won friends because he is hearty, affable, and a cinch to beat at golf. He won admirers because he appears to be first a sincere liberal and only secondly a Tammany Democrat. Today, at 60, while he mulls over social legislation on Capitol Hill, he keeps a wary eye on political fences at home. Almost every weekend he hurries back to Yorkville to eat wienerschnitzel, drink beer, and talk politics. His friends say he would be presidential timber but for his foreign birth.

• •

Camille Chautemps, short, wiry, with jet black eyes and hair, comes to the premiership of France during feverish days. Typically French, Chautemps is sharp-witted, garrulous, the father of three children, a happily married man.

His background, however, is distinctive. He is a member of the fighting Chautemps "tribe." Parisians tell about Chautemps' brother Felix who, leaving for the front in 1914, bumped into a journalist whose pen had bayoneted the Chautemps family in the back several months before. It was Felix' turn to stab. "Sir," he said, "you see the Chautemps tribe is going to fight." During the war, Chautemps lost two brothers, saw another maimed, was himself taken seriously ill and sent home.

Chautemps' father was a cabinet minister and vice-president of the noisy Chamber of Deputies. Across the hall, in the quieter Senate, sat Chautemps' uncle. The new premier started life dangerously—a child prodigy. Brilliant, he was admitted to the Paris bar when 19. In Tours he pursued law and home-town politics, gaining national recognition as minister of the interior under Herriot in 1924.

Called to power first in 1930, his cabinet was a dismal flop. After a few hours it agreed to disagree and folded up. Again, in 1933, he became premier and formed a cabinet which collapsed three months

later under the onslaught of the Stavisky scandals. Instead of wrecking his political progress, the Stavisky affair only tripped him. By 1936 he was back in the cabinet, first under Sarraut, more recently as minister of state under Blum.

Today Chautemps is at the apex of his career: premier of France, chief of the liberal Radical-Socialists. Keen financier and experienced budget-balancer, he was brought in to help France overcome her present fiscal crisis. In foreign affairs he has always stuck to his guns; from the first he opposed Poincaré's win-hard attitude toward Germany. Hitler will like Chautemps more than he liked Blum.

Obituary

Carlos E. Restrepo, former President of Colombia, 70, July 6.

Anna G. Pease, professor of English literature at Northwestern University for sixteen years, 83, July 6.

Joseph W. Mauck, former president of the University of South Dakota, 84, July 7.

Ake Wilhelm Hammarskjold, Swedish diplomat and lawyer, Judge of the World Court, 44, July 7.

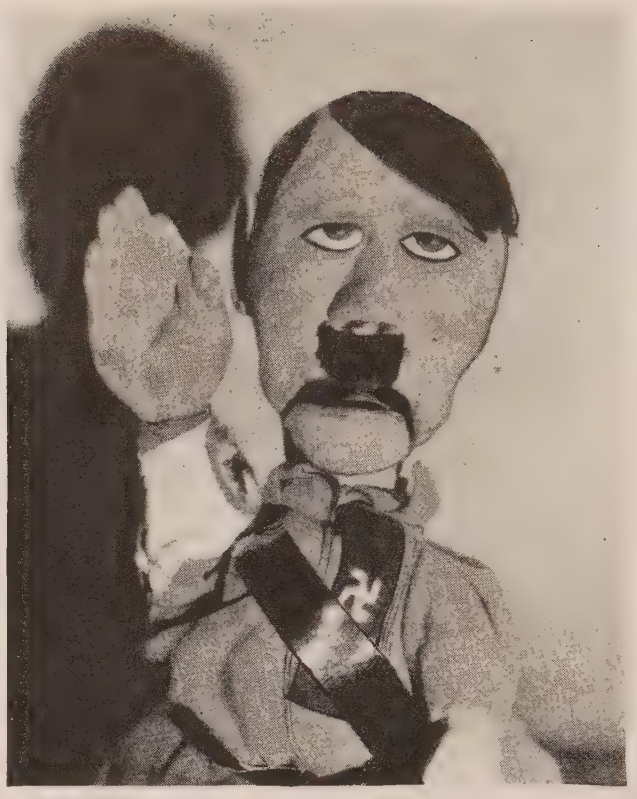
Col. Samuel P. Town, former National Commander of the Grand Army of the Republic, 91, July 10.

Edward E. Loomis, chairman of the board of the Lehigh Valley Railroad Company, 72, July 11.

George Gershwin, composer of popular songs, 38, July 11.

FASCISM

—and the British Fuehrer



SIR OSWALD MOSLEY, "Leader" of the English fascists, would like to be the first dictator in the English-speaking world. He is back in the headlines again, having just led 7,000 of his followers in a demonstration march through London. 10,000 anti-fascists turned out to oppose his passage through the streets, to hoot down and drown out his speech in Trafalgar Square, but strict police control staved off the typical riots (sometimes bloody) which have colored such marches in the past. Who, then, is Mosley, and what is the shouting all about?

Today, at 40, ardent Sir Oswald is still the bad boy of English politics, is still full of "beans and bounce." Though his background combines the three time-honored virtues of Top Drawer England—family, education, and wealth—Mosley, like other hotspurs, has hacked his own way through political jungles. He is an "ex-" almost everything. Ex-conservative, ex-independent, ex-socialist, and ex-leader of his own "New Party." A lone wolf, it has been said that on a fox hunt he would side with the fox.

To achieve his overpowering ambition—a Fascist Britain with himself as dictator—Sir Oswald Mosley "works like an ox." He told me that he has not taken a vacation in four years, and that his social life, which was previously considerable, is today non-existent. He neither lunches nor dines out, nor goes to the theater nor hobnobs at his swank London club, White's, though he still pays his dues—"for sentimental reasons."

He only goes to movies two or three times a year The rest of his time is spent running his party, formulating policy, and speaking.

Next to Winston Churchill, Mosley is probably the finest orator in England. He can speak for over two hours without a note or splutter, and yet his first platform appearance was a phenomenal fizzle! "I was 21," he told me, "the speech was memorized, and I delivered it badly." Today, however, he can wheedle, coax, and woo large audiences as few men can. His speeches are pure propaganda, dogmatic and bombastic; but they are fire. The following are typical Mosley mouthings: "The Jew Litvinov is leading Mr. Eden like a puppy dog on a leash . . . Eden's schoolbook foreign policy is the silly lecturing of a conceited nincompoop . . . Today we live under a dictatorship, but few people realize it. Freedom of speech and freedom of the press do not exist."

Though like other would-be dictators—Degrelle in Belgium, Col. de la Rocque in France, our own Mr. Gilligan in America—Mosley takes himself and his movement with a seriousness which only the fanatic can feel, he nevertheless has a good sense of humor. It is, however, purely political. His sarcasm snips hecklers to shreds. "When I went to Scotland," he confides, "they told me that an Englishman should never speak in Scotland. But I did, and I told them that if they didn't like the idea of my speaking, I'd send Ramsay MacDonald back up to them and he'd probably talk to them forever, whether they liked it or not!"

To carry out the 200 long speeches a year which he makes, Mosley keeps in crackerjack condition. His leg, injured

Two outstanding Modern Caesars look menacing in Morey Bunin's puppet leaders

PHOTOS FROM TRIANGLE

IN ENGLAND Mosley faces a blank wall, an uncharted future

during a fistfight in his youth and again during the war when his plane crashed in France, no longer impedes him. Eating sparingly and drinking nothing save a little beer, Mosley relaxes with his pipe, a little tennis and swimming, an occasional horseback ride and some championship fencing. But unlike a great many politicians, Mosley has no outside hobbies or recreations. He dislikes cards, detests "irrelevant conversation," loathes dinner parties and social fawning, and hates "entrenched old age" whether it is sitting on a parlor sofa or in a Parliament seat. When he lived on his large country estate he owned horses and dogs—his favorite was, significantly, a mastiff. Today he has no pets, has handed over his estate to his three young children.

While his wife was alive he enjoyed many of these things. She was Cynthia Curzon, daughter of Lord and Lady Curzon, the former Viceroy and Vicequeen of India, and thus related through her mother to the frankly plutocratic Leiter family of Chicago, Washington, New York and Newport. With Sir Oswald she was active in labor politics, and as a socialist member of Parliament she was close to Ramsay MacDonald, then Socialist Prime Minister. In general she was a restraining influence on Mosley. Together they played hard at politics for eleven months of the year, campaigning against capitalism and its evils, only to enjoy themselves equally well on that haven of capitalism, the French Riviera, throughout the twelfth month.

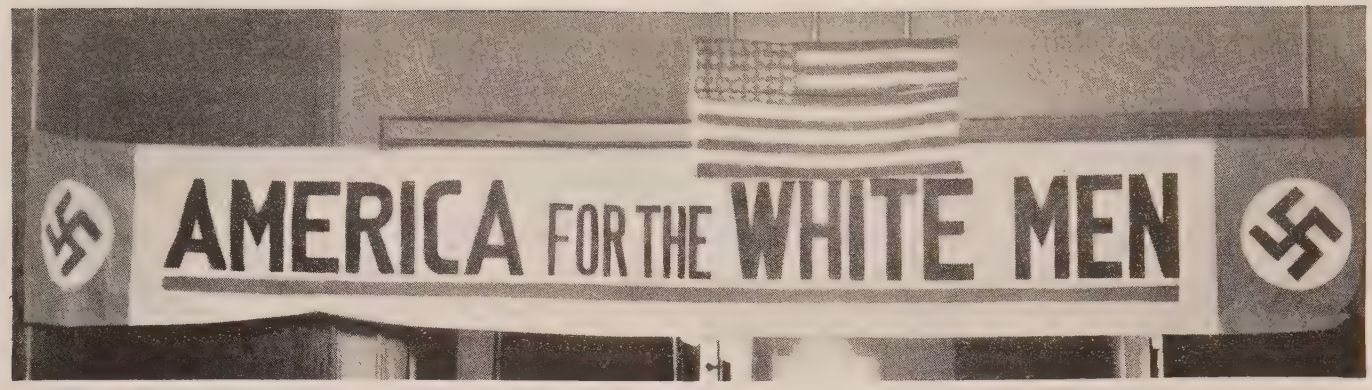
When Lady Cynthia died in 1933, Mosley's life became almost Spartan in its simplicity. He sold their large, 16-room London house and moved into a two-room flat. Personally, he prefers to live in "bare, severe, but beautiful rooms. I hate the junk of modern civilization with which bourgeois people litter their lives and rooms."

His office, the *sanctum sanctorum* of English fascism, is a case in point. It is a pleasant enough, light blue room. Over the fireplace hangs a large penciled portrait of Mussolini (not given to Mosley by Mussolini, however). On the mantel there is a photograph of Hitler, which Hitler has personally inscribed, and which Mosley safely hides from the wandering eyes of inquisitive interviewers. There is also an atrociously colored picture of King George V, who together with Queen Mary and the King and Queen of Belgium attended Sir Oswald's marriage, held, by special permission in the royal chapel of Buckingham Palace.

At the far end of the room, behind a neat black-and-chromium modernistic desk, sits the "Leader." He is gracious, subdued, reserved; not at all the fire-eating demagogue of the platform. Solidly built, and rather handsome, with a short black mustache and intense, dark, narrow eyes, Mosley's face presents no ironies save a rather Roman nose. He dresses completely in black: suit, tie, shirt, socks; in the words of John Gunther, "like a skating champion." But his pocket handkerchief is white. Formerly he wore his blackshirt uniform, but now that political uniforms have been banned it hangs in the closet of his flat.

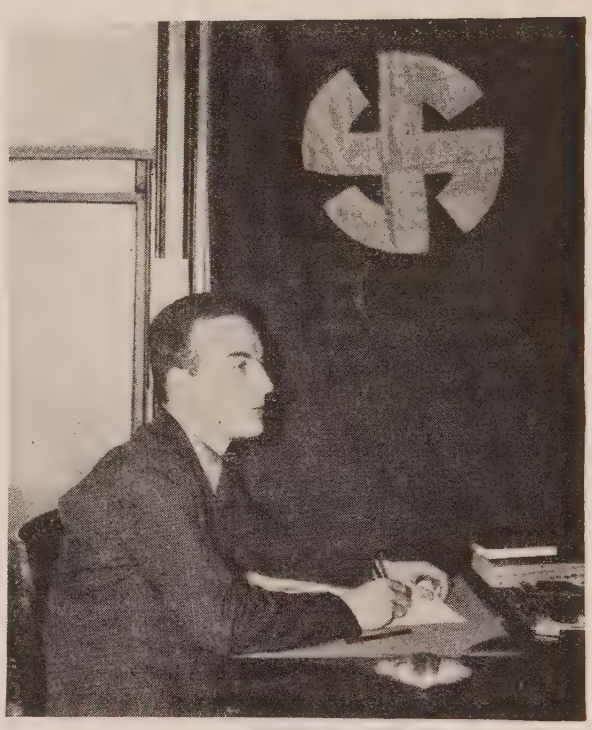
Looked at in another way, however, Mosley's office is unconsciously symptomatic both of the man and his movement. Ironically enough, the one Englishman who most detests parliamentary government and democracy works in a room so near to the Parliament building itself that a big league baseball pitcher, sitting at Mosley's desk, could hurl a shilling piece from there directly into the lap of Prime

IN BELGIUM young, handsome Leon Degrelle leads Rexists. A bad election defeat silenced his noisy dictatorial mouthings



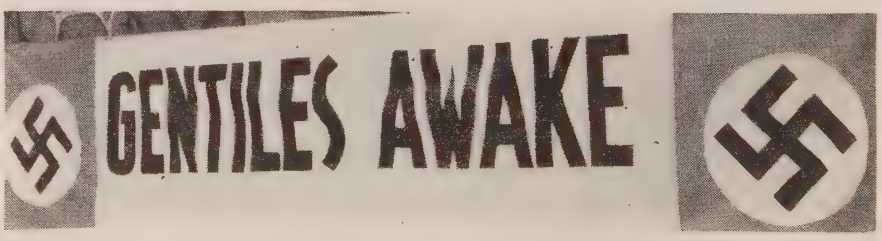
Minister Neville Chamberlain, sitting in the House of Commons. The three pictures in the room represent the three main points in Mosley's fascist program: King George symbolizes "Britain first!" . . . Mussolini reflects "the corporate state" . . . Hitler personifies "down with the Jews." The final irony consists in the realization that Mosley's office is one of the few modernistic offices in conservative and traditional England . . . that Mosley's movement is itself too "ultra" and un-English for their everyday Majesties, Mr. and Mrs. John Bull.

When Mosley is not working at his desk or out speaking, he is usually at home, reading. Although his reading remains omnivorous and voluminous, a former interest in philosophy has given way to the attraction which history and economics now hold for him. He is fond of "the classic and dynamic periods in history." He has "learnt nothing" from Gladstone and Disraeli, no longer considers Napoleon the greatest man of action, the forerunner of the modern Caesars. Mosley is reticent about his heroes. In them lies the secret of his personal ambitions. But one of his former intimates says they are Caesar and Byron. That Caesar, a stern realist, and Byron, a great poet, should be Sir Oswald's favorites is not surprising, since Mosley himself is a paradoxical mixture of the man of action and the intellectual. "The great realist," Mosley told me, "is also the great mystic. The one leads to the other and to an understanding of the force of destiny."



CAN AMERICA HAVE FASCISM? "Behold by the Hudson the Swastika's rise!" Burton H. Gilligan, 31 year old Irish leader of the American National Labor Party, plans a dictatorship for America from his New York desk. His small, well-disciplined 'Aryan Storm Troopers" wish to implant Europe's racial hatreds into America's melting pot

PHOTOS FROM BLACK STAR



IN FRANCE de la Rocque missed the train to power last year

As a fascist "Leader" pursuing his own destiny, Mosley has always cracked the whip. His lieutenants are forever leaving him. Those who stay with him never get very close. To his face they call him "sir," among themselves "O.M.," and in speaking to the rank-and-file, he is always "Leader." The fascist salute with the outstretched arm is given to Mosley alone. The "Leader" never invites his lieutenants to his flat for dinner, but sometimes attends official fascist functions. On such occasions the conversation always turns to politics and party policy. Sometimes Mosley cracks a political joke.

He never travels by train, but occasionally flies. His favorite means of travel (perhaps his greatest recreation) is driving his Bentley at a hell of a clip. He is one of the fastest drivers in England. Small wonder that his lieutenants dislike driving with him. With Perrott, his private chauffeur, twists and turns are not much safer. Although Mosley has received "very many" threats on his life, he has no bodyguard save Perrott.

As a would-be dictator Mosley has concocted his own brand of fascism: a mixture of Italian castor-oil economics with a still more concentrated dose of

(*Continued on page 30*)

Advanced students don masks, rehearse a scene from "Harlequin and Columbine"

Masks doffed, players relax, listen as one of them jokes during time out between rehearsals

ESCAPE

Like veterans of years behind the footlights, students portray tragedy

A student acts as property hand, adjusts some masks before a rehearsal

PHOTOS FROM GLOBE

Inhibitions vanish as students enact this scene from "Harlequin and Columbine" before large audiences

RELEASE from exhausting nervous tension is the quest of many in our machine age. For those who live and work at modern civilization's fastest tempo, in New York City, escape may be no easy matter.

Too complete a change may raise as many problems as it solves; solitude may be as disturbing to jangled nerves as continued noise and interruption. The answer is *play*—wholehearted, carefree play, which finds a fresh and welcome task for minds and muscles, which builds a psychic resistance to fatigue just as physical exercise strengthens the body.

But how to play? Two sisters, Douglas and Virginia Whitehead, have found a way. At the Whitehead School, in New York, men and women are trained in simple dramatics. Under direction which requires just enough concentration to exclude other concerns, and worry, they rehearse and produce such plays as "Harlequin and Columbine."

The atmosphere is informal and friendly. The "pupils" have come to school for a common purpose: to drop their troubles for a time, to find curative refreshment. And with a profound sense of psychological values, the Whitehead sisters provide their players with masks. This, perhaps more than any other part of their treatment, assures complete freedom from restraint and inhibition.

The important thing is that it works; that scores of adults have found here the form of escape best suited to their need. To other Americans it may seem an ironical and a tragic thing that New Yorkers must resort to such a means; that those nearest to civilization's vortex find peace only within a crowd, behind a mask.

"School" over for the day, an instructor retouches equipment

PRO

Supporting government relief policy as a continuing need

THE PRESIDENT has stated that America's great economic need today is for stimulation of industries producing consumer goods. Our outstanding economic problem is how to provide a constant and expanding market at home for the products of our farms and factories.

Millions of able-bodied, willing and efficient workers remain unemployed and will, so far as any one can see, be unemployed for some time to come. Barring government action, they will be without purchasing power.

There is crying need for public works in flood control, conservation of natural resources, low cost housing, park and playground construction, reforestation, community recreation programs, adult education and the development of the cultural life of all our people.

This work cannot be carried on by private industry since there is no profit in it. State and local resources and revenues are being drawn upon for ever-increasing contributions to the social security program and for direct relief.

Another 1929 collapse can only be prevented if the buying power of the masses is maintained as production and profits increase. The only answer is a stable, well-planned, efficiently conducted federal program of public works employing the unemployed.

—Maury Maverick, Representative from Texas.

THE YEARS of depression have wiped out community and individual reserves. Neither local relief nor private "charity" will be able to meet the need should the federal government actually make no further provisions for direct relief. Millions of families are saved from actual starvation only by federal relief. Jobs from neither relief nor private industries are available to them. Some are unable to work. Aside from all humanitarian aspects, the Administration cannot safely refuse the necessaries of life to those who have no place else to turn. The first responsibility of organized society is for the welfare of its citizens Local units are hampered by legislative limitations on their taxing powers, but the federal government may draw upon the nation's full revenues.

Labor believes that the Administration should set up a permanent department or bureau of public works, responsible for long time planning and ready to expand activities so as to counterbalance depression slumps in employment. Such a department should maintain an inventory of national resources as a basis for planning. Work on its projects would conform to the standards prevailing in the respective localities. Supplementing public works should be adequate housing projects to make homes available for those whose incomes have never permitted homes of their own—comfortable and satisfying homes in which they can safely invest their savings.

—William Green in *The Survey*

IN MY opinion the time has come when we must cease treating the unemployment problem in America as an emergency measure. The hour is here when we must formulate sound, long-range policies to take care of those men and women whom private industry has failed to absorb. Please consider with me for a moment the problem which confronts us today. We are still faced with the horrible spectacle of poverty and destitution in the richest nation on the face of the earth. We are enjoying in America today an industrial boom; factories are working full time and in many places at full capacity. Profits are mounting with leaps and bounds and at least one group of our people is as prosperous as in 1929. Alongside this bright picture, however, there is a darker one, which is far more important. In a nation where business prosperity has returned there are still 10,000,000 men and women unemployed in private industry. There are approximately 6,000,000 more who are working part time and at wages so low that if they were to lose their jobs tomorrow, they would immediately be forced to demand relief or starve. Buying power in America is already beginning to lag; labor and the white-collared groups are rapidly nearing the point where their income is insufficient to buy back the goods which they produce. Although our national income has increased during the past year, our budget is still out of balance. In other words, our great economic problem has not been solved.

—Robert G. Allen, Representative from Pennsylvania

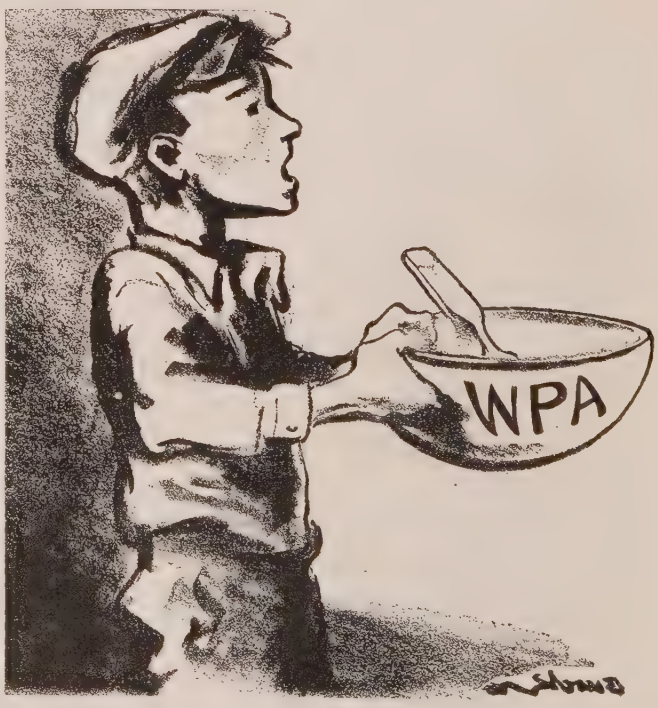
IN VIEW of the sizable unemployment problem in the past and that of the present, I believe it is reasonable to expect a probable minimum of 4,000,000 to 5,000,000 unemployed even in future "prosperity" periods, and this minimum can be expected to be increased periodically with the recurrence of future depressions.

It is obvious that this unemployment problem is nation-wide; that the causes which underlie it completely disregard local and state boundaries, and since it is a national problem it requires federal action to help mitigate the hardships arising from unemployment. The states and localities have not been in a position to do it alone and, since it is a national problem, they should not be expected to handle it alone.

During a depression state and local funds decline for the same reasons that unemployment and relief increase. Individually the states and localities are not responsible for these difficulties and are not able to do much, if anything, to remove them. Unemployment is clearly a national problem and, for that reason, unemployment relief must be financed in large part by the federal government.

Either a way must be found to admit unemployed people to participation in the economy of private enterprise or else they must be given a definite and respectable status as recipients of insurance benefits or as public workers.

—Harry L. Hopkins in *New Republic*.



"More"—St. Louis Post-Dispatch

I DO NOT suggest that industrial enterprise, incomes, and inheritances cannot stand heavier impacts of taxation. I insist only that we cannot build a great civilization by lavish expenditures on even the most desirable public works unless concurrently we solve the problem of clothing the bodies, feeding the stomachs and freeing from fear the hearts of the masses in and through the nation's business, industry, and agriculture. The place to solve the economic problem is at the source where policies respecting wages, hours, prices, and profits are formulated. It is no answer to permit an economic system to play havoc with the lives of millions and then step into the picture with stringent taxes to take care of these millions with the munificence of a political Santa Claus. In the end, such procedure will wreck the system that must produce the wealth and sap the self-respect of the millions who learn to lean on the bounty of government.

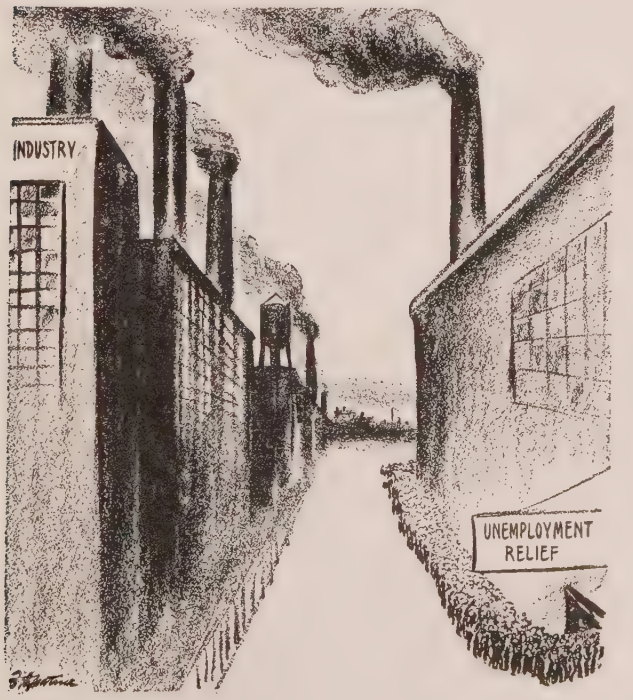
—Glenn Frank over NBC.

ARE WE producing a bankrupt generation of hopeless, discouraged men and women who want work and self-respect but are denied it? And are we forging, for those who have jobs, a constantly heavier tax ball and chain with its shackle cutting to the bone? What are the mothers, whose boys become old enough to work, going to say when the only employment available is "boondoggling" under alphabetical follies? This mother refuses to raise her boy to be a soldier. Do you think she will be any happier to raise him for a permanent work as a leaf-raker under the WPA? And what about the girls of today—the mothers of tomorrow? Do you think they will be happy with "Love on the Dole?" And, as a matter of fact, do you think men and women on relief today like it? Do you not know that if they could get a job in private enterprise, the vast majority would be glad to get off relief and escape the arbitrary supervision of the social service workers?

—Lewis H. Brown before U. S. Chamber of Commerce.

BEFORE 1932, the tiding of people over such difficult spots was entirely a local, even neighborhood or family responsibility. The extensiveness of municipal welfare departments even then is probably not generally realized, but the magnitude of the depression of the early thirties entirely swamped them and the voluntary charities, and called forth an acknowledgment of national responsibility.

Is that national or federal responsibility to be permanent?



Bo h Going Strong—St. Louis Post-Dispatch

CON

Opposing plan for government relief as permanent activity

Some measure of it evidently is here to stay. Local standards and methods of welfare administration certainly have needed, and in many instances still need, the improvement which federal assistance, co-ordination and supervision, especially under the old Federal Emergency Relief Administration, has given them.

But the resources of the federal budget cannot remain permanently extended to relief purposes in such huge volume as they were during the height of the emergency. If appropriations do continue on such a scale and the public debt is not reduced during times of prosperity, where will be the resiliency to take up the load in case of another crisis?

—Tulley Nettleton in *Christian Science Monitor.*

YOU MAY laugh about a $36,000,000,000 debt hanging over the Treasury of the United States if you wish to, but with all my refined and expanded sense of humor I find it impossible to laugh about such a thing.

I recall the time when our armies came out of the bloodiest and most cruel war that was ever waged upon this earth, to find a debt far below the amount the government now owes; and we worried about it then.

But now nobody seems to worry about the debt. We spend, and we spend, and we spend, and there are some of us who vote for all appropriations and against all taxes.

I do not name anyone; sometimes I have been inclined to get into that class myself. But the point I'm making is that we cannot go on forever doing it.

I do not say that even a $36,000,000,000 debt, taking into consideration all circumstances, endangers the credit of the United States, but I do say that in time of prosperity we ought to begin to put our house in order.

Let us ask what would happen if another depression, such as that which began in 1929 or 1930 and which has continued until recently, should strike the United States and their affairs next year or the year following?

Of course, we do not look for it; of course, we hope it will not occur; but there are some who say that we will have a recession in business and in industry.

We owe an obligation to the government, to those now living and to those who will come after them, to make provision for the needy living, for those who cannot get along without assistance, but we also owe the generation to come a measure of duty; to safeguard them against an unreasonable and excessive burden which may bring back upon them the sorrows, the travails and the woes which we have so recently experienced.

—Joseph T. Robinson, Senator from Arkansas.

THE NEW "National Planning" of relief shifted its administration from local and state authorities to a political bureaucracy centralized at Washington. That has resulted not only in stupendous waste but in the creation of a great group of permanent dependents. It has added nothing to the security and care of those deserving in distress except expense. And we are destroying the self-respect and the responsibility of self government by turning the Treasury into a national grab bag. Our national ideals get little of a lift from the general attitude. "If we don't get ours some one else will."

—Herbert Hoover before Ohio Society of New York.

PARKINS

vs.

The People

PARKINS was a problem child who lived in a dream world. Now he is a problem to a government coasting precariously on the edge of a dream world. Parkins works for WPA, and intends to keep on doing so to the last notch.

I helped Parkins into his WPA job. All of my friends who helped set up the white-collar project on which he works have since departed from it while Parkins remains rooted there in body and soul. Accepting the job without enthusiasm, he has grown to love it. The WPA six-day week of five hours a day is just about Parkins' limit in consecutive toil. Pay is small but delightfully regular, an undeniable comfort to one frequently out of income and at other times in situations where rewards were slow, uncertain or forgotten. Parkins has been on the receiving end of some dirty deals since 1930.

In a single year of Federal employment, Parkins has taken on the complete psychology of the government clerk. His only preparation for the inevitable shutdown of his project is to canvass the possibilities of landing in some other Federal bureau.

This sea change is remarkable because of his commercially adventurous past. Parkins used to be, or at least think he was, an aggressive business man. Mostly he identified himself as a "salesman," in which capacity he sold or tried to sell everything from capital stock issues to safety pins. Parkins promoted companies and syndicates, none of which ever returned a dollar to an investor and most of which never reached legal parturition. These waifs died in his brief case, which was always full of blueprints, estimates and nicely phrased, typewritten prospectuses. Whatever money came in from these schemes clung to Parkins so that investors lost both cash and enthusiasm, yet Promoter Parkins seldom flew extravagantly high. He just never could get a plan finished or a wheel turning.

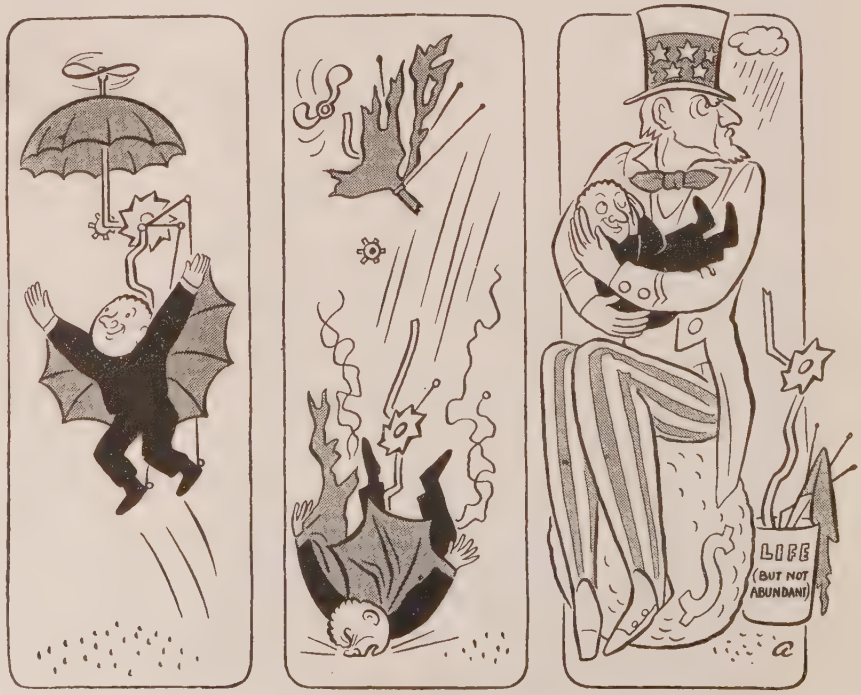
I used to beg Parkins to quit selling blue sky and settle on tangibles like sand or sugar or peanuts, which could be tested, measured and delivered for cash in a simple, short operation. The nearest he ever came to following this advice was organizing a fancy business, the first victim of the depression in a highly competitive field to which he was a complete stranger. The old Parkins would sail into any new venture head-long; the new Parkins wants only security and an easy life without strains or risks.

As a salesman, Parkins scored an early success but never repeated. He became one of the four million order-takers who could function when the public hungrily desired to buy, but were helpless when the public mood changed. A genuine salesman rises fast in hard times, when he brings in orders to keep his firm solvent and his fellow workers employed. Meanwhile the fair-weather boys drop out and down. Lacking skill in the productive arts, hardly knowing what an honest day's work is, their condition is worse than that of the artisan accustomed to toil.

Can the misfits and cast-off "salesmen" on WPA work relief with Parkins return to their old vocations? Their chance at drawing accounts and commissions grows less in a business world trying to reduce the spread between manufacturing costs and retail prices. Cutting down distribution expenses, finding the shortcut from producer to consumer, leave the order-taker a narrowing sphere of activity. Since the depression began, Parkins and his kind have grown eight years older. They have lost some of their nerve, mostly shallow optimism, and the replacements of youth are charging down upon them. I can quite understand why Parkins has come to look upon a Federal job as the easiest way out for him. This may be the most sensible decision he has ever made, proving that he has awakened from his dream world.

Consider, however, what this point of view on WPA permanence and continuous government employment, held by so many of his fellows, means to the country. They want WPA maintained because it answers their needs. The clash between organized WPA personnel and the government which must balance its budget is not a case of "get out and starve." Needy WPA workers are assured of emergency relief. Roughly, a WPA worker draws $170 while an ERB case draws around $100. The former enjoys, too, the personal satisfaction of being outside of the lower poverty category. This nice distinction means a good deal to Parkins. For him to go on relief would be the devastating equivalent of going to the poor house. But, at this stage, can we afford to consult Parkins' pride? After all, it is a luxury for him and an expense to us.

—Montagu Hardwick



PROGRESS

A compromise plan that is quite as bad as the original

THE ATTENTION of the country has been focussed for nearly six months upon President Roosevelt's Supreme Court bill. Public opinion in all sections where expression was untrammeled and normal was overwhelmingly opposed to the original plan. The President had allowed us to know that it was only a first step, that he proposed to drive through Congress with great rapidity a series of transforming measures initiated and prepared under his own auspices. But the federal courts as at present constituted would find some at least of these measures clearly unconstitutional.

That original proposal for six new Supreme Court justices has now been abandoned in favor of a so-called compromise measure. This slow-motion version of the original would permit the President to appoint one new justice each year for every man on the bench over seventy-five years of age, up to a number not exceeding two-thirds of the constituted nine members.

In practice this would mean that with one vacancy on the bench now existing (as a result of Justice Van-Devanter's resignation) President Roosevelt could add three new justices by January 1, 1938. This increase in the number of justices who see eye-to-eye with the Administration would assure a Supreme Court in 1938 favorable to New Deal proposals, and serve whatever purposes the Administration had hoped to accomplish by its original proposal.

It is interesting to note that, in the arguments propounded by Senator Logan and the others who are supporting this amended bill in the Senate, these men have scarcely referred to the merits of the proposal or to any reasons why this change in the status of the Supreme Court would be of benefit to the country. Surely no argument has been offered which could offset the judiciary committee's recommendation that the original scheme be "so emphatically rejected that its parallel will never again be presented to the free representatives of the free people of America."

Senator Guffey started the ball rolling with the statement that the court issue was a political battle. This one was carried further by Senator Logan's suggestion that Senators who rode into office on President Roosevelt's popularity should be grateful to him and not oppose him now.

AN INDEPENDENT SUPREME COURT
WELL THEN, WOULD IT BE ALL RIGHT FOR ME TO BORE, SAY, TWO OR THREE HOLES IN IT?
COMPROMISE MAN
NEWS ITEM— 6-JUDGE COURT PLAN IS DEAD
S. J. Ray

Merely a plan to sink it more slowly. — **Kansas City Star.**

IT SEEMS FAIR to say that the desire to save the President's face, coupled with the fear of reprisals in their home districts, are the forces now at work in Washington. Mr. Farley has the power of relief money at his command, as dispensed through Harry Hopkins. In addition there are the C. I. O. cohorts, assured by Governor Earle of Pennsylvania that they don't need violence while they have Roosevelt and "a Governor like me." Henry Wallace has the farmers better organized as a political weapon than they have ever been before. No wonder a Senator or Congressman needs courage to express his convictions on an issue which, right or wrong, the Administration is determined to drive through.

THE SUPREME COURT, holding steadfastly to its course, has actually gained in the respect and confidence of the country, as the prolonged attacks upon its personnel and its rulings have been carried over into the month of July. It was the one branch of the Government that was doing its duty in a normal way. At no time in its history has the Court been more efficient, or better entitled to the support of those elements of the population capable of understanding the nature of the pending controversy.

To say that Roosevelt's popular vote gives him a mandate to overhaul the federal judiciary is mere nonsense. He had avoided any discussion of the Supreme Court during the campaign. To assert that the Court was blocking needed reforms through narrow and reactionary decisions is still greater nonsense. An incalculable body of experimental legislation had been written outside of Congress by an inexperienced group of young lawyers who were private advisers of Mr. Roosevelt. Even to this day no Congressman could stand up in his place and say that he had ever waded through this agglomeration of new measures, the bills having been enacted into law under dictation and virtually without debate.

Prolonged discussion of the President's bill to give him control of the federal courts has served several useful purposes. For one thing, it has taught many weak-minded people that we cannot have democracy by delegating all functions to one man. Democracy means free discussion, differences of opinion, popular struggles to find the better course when something vital is at stake. As Chief Justice Hughes, in his notable address to the American Law Institute, so ably pleaded: "The success of democratic institutions lies in the success of the processes of reason as opposed to the tyranny of force."

Albert Shaw

Reading Around the World

FROM CURRENT PUBLICATIONS

Crooked Legislators *American Mercury* 22

File on Franco *Cosmopolitan* 22

Grafting Eyes *Izvestia* 23

Keeping America Middle Class *Talks* 23

International Chuckle *The Rotarian* 24

Self-Portrait *World-Telegram* 24

Imitation Ears *Fortune* 25

Hitler's Red Riding Hood *Neueste Nachrichten* 25

Oddities *Household Magazine* 26

Japanese Jinx *Japan Advertiser* 27

Nazi Storks *Current History* 27

Dope Merchants *New Statesman and the Nation* 27

A Hokum Hoax *Stage* 28

Crooked Legislators

A State Senator in *American Mercury*

Is your district representative in your State Legislature crooked? Does he accept money to vote for or against certain measures? And if so, has he a good chance of getting away with it?

As a State legislator myself, I must confess that the odds are about even on affirmative answers to the above questions. My belief is based on a good many years of experience as a member of a legislature in one of the larger States of the Union, and on careful observations in other States. While my samplings cannot be taken as scientifically accurate for all, I am certain they represent an average which will hold good for the entire nation.

Putting summary ahead of detail, I may say that ten per cent of legislators come perilously close to being racketeers; twenty-five per cent are primarily venal in their attitude toward such legislation as is capable of being turned to advantage; another twenty-five per cent will accept money for their votes on bills which do not vitally affect the general public and in which they have no personal interest; another twenty-five per cent, who do not accept money, are moved often by personal and group relationships, including retainers, business arrangements, political advantage, patronage demands, etc.; and about fifteen per cent are, or think they are, above suspicion of judging legislation other than on its merits—although I never have met one who could take an utterly detached viewpoint even when unconscious of personal interest. Unadulterated altruism has yet to come within my purview.

Paradoxically, some of the crookedest legislators in my State are among the ablest in their consideration of measures. You'd have to know them to understand that. There usually are one or more middlemen or contact men in the vicinity of each State Assembly who make arrangements between members and the outside groups willing to pay. As a rule, they take about one-fourth of the fund, and the top inside man may receive an equal amount. If this seems to be a high overhead, it should be remembered that legislators, even the most brazen, hesitate to approach outsiders, and the outsiders, besides being equally timorous, do not know their way around. Hence, the practitioners of a delicate diplomatic art are worthy of their hire.

Oddly enough, it is seldom necessary to buy a great many votes. Usually there are a number of members who feel obliged for valid reasons to support, or oppose, a bill, and they can be counted on without pay.

The professionals seldom introduce bills. One of them boasted to me that he never had offered one—and never would. They prefer not to be openly associated with shakedowns, and they do not care to sponsor good legislation, for that would entail seeking votes from other members which would put them under log-rolling obligations. Thus, they are lone-handed pirates, willing to sail under any man's flag for a share in the booty.

"To hell with Reason!"
—Buffalo Evening News

File on Franco

H. R. Knickerbocker in *Cosmopolitan*

General Franco's career shows a man utterly devoted to his profession, fiercely determined to be the best military man in the army, which he considers to be the best thing in Spain, the greatest nation on earth as he measures it by history, tradition and spirit. Until the present conflict, he had never displayed political ambition. Some of his best friends believe that he still has no desire to remain in politics.

General Franco is all military; beneath his agreeable exterior lies a nature austere and Spartan enough to be comparable to that of the old conquistadores. He drives himself with an energy that exhausts his subordinates. Like Hitler and Mussolini, he neither drinks nor smokes. In peacetime he sleeps the normal quota of seven or eight hours, but nearly all his life has been spent at war, and in wartime he frequently works three or four days and nights without lying down.

He has no personal vanity. He ties his tie without looking in the mirror, dresses rapidly, seldom wears his scores of decorations. He pays no attention to his food. He abhors luxury; prefers a camp cot to a soft bed. Despite his short stature, he is physically powerful, barrel-chested, and heavily muscled, especially in the legs. His horsemanship is legendary in the army.

Discipline over himself and his men drove him upward like a comet in his ca-

THREE CARTOONS—ONE IDEA. IN U. S.: Dictator Stalin catches himself in a plot to overthrow the Stalin regime—**New Haven Register**

reer. At nineteen, he volunteered for service in Morocco; at twenty he was captain of Regulares (native Moorish troops) at Tetuán. Wounded gravely at Biutz, he was promoted for brilliancy in action to be major, aged twenty-three.

Grafting Eyes

Tess in *Izvestia*

THE MAN was dead. He lay stiffened and cold, severe and aloof. Deprived of the forces of life everything in him had become useless. His eyes, his hands, his heart, his blood. But life was in full flood around him, and a living man leaned over him and, deftly and carefully, took out his eyes.

A bit of the cornea was taken from these eyes and grafted to the eyes of a living man who had almost completely lost his sight. Since childhood that man had only a vague sensation of light and darkness, caused by an incurable clouding of the cornea, the normally transparent outer covering of the eye. There was only one way to restore sight. That was to replace the opaque tissue by a cornea taken from another human being.

Then a remarkable thing took place. The surgeon removed a tiny piece of cornea from the eye of the blind man, leaving an opening, and inserted into it a piece of cornea of the corresponding size and shape, about four millimeters in diameter. The cornea taken from the corpse is grafted to the living eye. It retains its transparency, light-rays pass through it and the man begins to see. Witnessing such a scene you remember it for life.

"What's that?" asks a grown man, pointing with his finger.

"A cat!" answers his mother, tears streaming down her cheeks. "That's a cat."

"How do you call this tree?" says the man with a smile. "Where's a car? Show me an apple." He is striving to see everything at once, while the tears stream down his excited face.

Operations of this sort are not completely new. Medical literature records other cases in which the cornea has been transplanted to an unseeing eye, restoring sight. But these brilliantly successful experiments remained isolated because the cornea used in them was taken from living men whose eyes had to be removed on account of injuries.

It was the well-known scientific man, V. P. Filatov, professor at the Odessa Medical Institute, who first tried a new and bold departure. He demonstrated the possibility of transplanting the cornea of a corpse to the eye of a living man. Further experiments showed him that there was no need of haste. Cornea retains its vitality for several days and continues to live when transplanted after that period. Filatov then demonstrated that a piece of cornea grafted from a corpse is more

IN ENGLAND: Serious shortage of traitors in Russia. Stalin driven to spying on himself—**Sunday Pictorial, London**

effective than one taken from the body of a living man. Tissue from a living man has a well-marked individuality. When transplanted it has to overcome the barrier of foreign blood, foreign cells, an alien organism. In the cornea of a corpse this is all effaced.

Continuing his amazing experiments Professor Filatov noted another phenomenon. Tissue grafted from a dead body stimulated the activities of the cells, excited their vital functions, made them recover at a furious rate. The vital force exerted by the tiny piece of cornea taken from the corpse was enormous. The affected part of the cornea began to clear, the process of metabolism between the living and the "dead" tissue had a pronouncedly stimulating effect. Professor Filatov has adopted the grafting of the cornea as a regular method of treatment in inflammations of the eye.

Four hundred operations of this sort have already been performed. Besides carrying on experimental work, the Institute is training surgeons from all over Russia in the new technique. A plant is being built to manufacture the instruments required, several of them invented by Professor Filatov himself.

Keeping America Middle-Class

William Allen White in *Talks*

THE wisest article in our American Constitution is the provision against titles of nobility. For one hundred fifty years that provision has kept America a middle class nation. Of course we have had social stratification all the time—social stratification more or less based upon an economic status. But the classes and titles we have had are not hereditary classes and titles. Classes in America have persisted, but individuals rise and fall into and out of the classes with wholesome alacrity. The poor are always with us. But not the same people are poor today, nor are the sons and daughters of the poor those who were poor yesterday.

And similarly the rich have their reverses. There is something authentic in the boast that we make the circle from shirt sleeves to swallow tails and back again in three generations. In the journey up and down, rising and falling, the changeling passes through the middle class. In every American family, between the grandchild and the grandparents, there is much real contact with men and women going up and down the scale. Father or mother or one of the four grandparents of every child is on the way from one class to another. The middle class, therefore, knows practically what it is to be rich and what it is to be poor.

This ability to see another's viewpoint has been the spiritual leaven in our democracy. It has kept us quick and alive. This leaven has been the basic principle of our ceaseless quest for justice. We have developed an understanding heart. Only in America are the rich so univer-

IN ITALY: Stalin: "Vile traitor, confess that you also are a Trotskyist!"—**Il 420, Florence**

sally prodigal with their beneficences. Only here have the poor failed to crystallize into a conscious class.

The International Chuckle

George E. Vincent in *The Rotarian*

LAUGHTER does not always feed grudges, deepen prejudices, encourage a sense of superiority, and foster irritating condescension. It is not devoted solely to creating stage Irishmen, John Bulls, Uncle Sams, and to producing annoying newspaper caricatures, cartoons, and bitter jests. On occasion, genuine humor plays a grateful part in relieving international tension and renewing friendliness and good feeling.

A delightful instance occurred during the excitement caused in 1895 by President Cleveland's bombshell message on the Venezuelan boundary dispute. The Summer before this was issued, Lord Dunraven, an Irish yachtsman, had cut a rather poor figure as a challenger for the America's Cup. But Dunraven had been peevish and had made many baseless complaints. Among other charges he insisted that he had lost one race because of the swells from the sightseeing excursion boats. His rather poor sportsmanship had been deplored in England as well as in the United States.

All this was in the public mind when Cleveland's message startled both America and Britain. The papers exploited the affair sensationally. Rumors of impending war spread rapidly. Public feeling reached a high pitch. When the report came that the British Channel Fleet had sailed under sealed orders, the situation suddenly grew tense.

At this very critical moment, the London Stock Exchange sent to the New York Stock Exchange the following cable:

"When the British Fleet sails up New York Harbor, please see that it is not interfered with by excursion steamers."

A roar of laughter burst forth on both sides of the Atlantic; absurd fears were swept away; no one any longer took the episode tragically; calm was quickly restored. Laughter proved a valuable antidote to fanaticism and extravagant feeling.

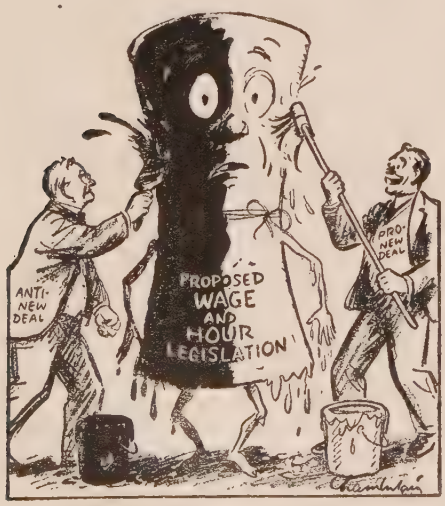
The theory that each nation has its own peculiar sense of the ridiculous has long been accepted, perhaps a little too uncritically. Thus Mark Twain said: "The American story is humorous; the English, comic; the French, witty. The humorous story bubbles gently along; the others burst." There is much truth in such broad generalizations, but the exceptions have become entirely too numerous to support the rule.

For example, it was an English, not a French, wit who recently said: "A modern young woman's bathing suit must be believed to be seen," and it was Dean Briggs, of Harvard, who explained: "The Bachelor of Science degree at Harvard is not generally understood; it does not certify to a knowledge of science; it merely guarantees an ignorance of Latin."

On the other hand, Will Rogers was in the American tradition when he said: "I believe in college; it takes the children away from home just when they begin to ask questions." It was an Englishman, however, who said: "I don't like working between meals."

Whatever the truth about these characteristic national types, there can be no doubt that humor is a unifying influence in the life of every social group, large or small. Instant, spontaneous, choral laughter reveals a common background of experience and allusion.

THE AMERICAN LABOR FRONT: Finding out where the President stands—New York Herald-Tribune



Always black and white—Columbia, Pennsylvania, News

Self-Portrait

Heywood Broun in *The World-Telegram*

IN CLEANING out my desk I came across an old printed blank entitled "Don't Fool Yourself! Try a Self-Analysis!" It was too wet to play golf, too cold to go swimming and too dark to try painting, and so I thought to myself, "What have I got to lose?" and tackled the examination. Return postage or something else must have been missing, for I couldn't quite make out whether it was from an uplift society or a life insurance company. But in either case let's go.

ALL RIGHT THEN INSTEAD OF GIVING YOU 5 GALLONS OF WATER TO NINE GALLONS OF GAS I'LL JUST PUT IN TWO GALLONS OF WATER TO EIGHT OF GAS.
DADBLAST IT, BUT WE DON'T WANT ANY WATER IN OUR GASOLINE!
CONGRESS
POLITICAL BILGE WATER
U.S. SUPREME COURT
U.S.

***SUPREME COURT ISSUE—A compromise*—Des Moines Register**

"What is my name?"—Heywood Campbell Broun, pronounced to rhyme with tune.

"Age?"—Forty-eight.

"What is my occupation?"—Newspaperman.

"Am I making a success of it?"—There seems to be a decided difference of opinion.

"What is my character and reputation?"—Unreliable and charming.

"What do other men think of me?"—Unreliable.

"What do I think of myself?"—Charming.

"Am I invariably just in my judgment of others?"—Well, I try very hard not to be, but without much success. I'm too fair-minded. I need a lot more prejudices.

"Am I cleanly?"—Very much so in the summer.

"Punctual?"—No.

"Courteous?"—To a fault.

"Do I drink?"—I'm sorry to seem rude, but I make it a rule to touch nothing until after 6 P. M. What time is it by your watch?

"Am I profane?"—No.

"Have I any definite object in life?"—Yes. I want to be a writer.

"Am I on my way?"—Not precipitately.

"What am I worth in dollars and cents?"—I can afford to pay about 25 cents on the dollar.

"How did I acquire this?"—Thrift.

"Why am I where I am financially?"—I always insist it was just bad luck. They quit early on me.

"Why am I what I am morally?"—It's all part of the general letdown which started 'way back at the end of the war.

"Am I God-fearing?"—I would like to say "No," because I think it's a rotten bad frame of mind for anybody of any decent sort of religious feeling. It is the ultimate blasphemy. But I must admit that I get nervous during thunderstorms.

"Am I working to make the world wiser?"—That sounds like a pretty big order, but I'm going to say "Yes" just the same.

"Happier?"—Yes.

"How?"—By trying to do my part in the labor movement.

But now I find I've done it all wrong. At the bottom of the questionnaire I discovered:—"Take your time in answering these questions. Read over, think over, every question before you answer any. Show the answers to no one. Six months later go over your answers to see what progress you have made, and again at the end of the year. Try to make a showing."

Imitation Ears

Fortune

IT IS perfectly true that if your ears stick out, any good plastic surgeon will be glad to take a reef in them and lay them back into lines of the purest symmetry. But if you have no ears at all, the man to see is Dr. Vladimir Fortunato of Washington Heights, Manhattan. Imitation ears are a very minor problem to Dr. Fortunato, a huge, unhappy Russian who is perhaps the world's greatest artist in simulating the world's greatest anatomy with *moulage* casts.

In his laboratory Dr. Fortunato has some rather startling examples of his skill. On the walls, ranged like the prize trophies of a big-game hunter, are a number of *moulage* face masks and heads, all taken from leprous and tumorous patients, all lifelike down to the last detail, all uniformly terrifying. People frequently faint the first time they enter here. After the visitor has calmed down and stopped babbling incoherently he usually feels rather foolish about it all, but not nearly so foolish as a famous pathologist felt after he had tried to dissect a Fortunato kidney *moulage*, thinking it was a fine specimen fresh from the operating room

Hitler's Red Riding Hood

***Die Neueste Nachrichten,* Munich**

ONCE upon a time there was a forest in Germany that had not yet been cleared by the Labor Service, and in this forest there lived a wolf. One beautiful Sunday morning a little girl (who belonged to the League of German Girls) strolled through the woods. She was wearing a little

***The new national game*—New York Times**

CATHOLIC QUESTION IN GERMANY: Cardinal Archbishop of Chicago: "This child! No angel is so pure!" Untermeyer: "I recommend him to your care"—Kladderadatsch, Berlin

red riding hood and was going to visit her grandmother who lived in one of the Mothers' Homes run by the Nazi People's Welfare.

Suddenly the big bad wolf stood before her. He wore brown fur so that nobody would suspect that his intentions were patriotic. Little Red Riding Hood was not afraid because she knew that all the enemies of the people had been put in concentration camps. She thought he was an ordinary Bourgeois dog.

"Heil, Little Red Riding Hood!" said the wolf. "Where are you going?"

"I am visiting my grandmother in the Mothers' Home."

"Is that so?" said the wolf. "You should really take along some of these lovely flowers with which the Bureau of Forest Beautification has embellished the woods!"

Little Red Riding Hood began to pick the flowers. In the meantime, the wolf hurried to the Mothers' Home, devoured the grandmother, put on the badge of the Women's League and went to bed.

Soon Little Red Riding Hood arrived and asked:—

"How are you, Granny dear?"

"Very well, my child," answered the wolf imitating the grandmother's voice.

Little Red Riding Hood asked: "Why do you speak so strangely today?"

The wolf answered: "This morning's public speaking course tired me out."

"But Granny, why are your ears so big?"

"The better to hear what the belly-achers are whispering."

"And why are your eyes so large?"

"The better to recognise the borers from within."

"And why is your mouth so large?"

"Don't you know that I belong to the League of Culture?" And with these words the wolf ate up poor Little Red Riding Hood.

A little later the Chief-Forester passed by. He heard the snoring and thought: "How can an Aryan grandmother snore in such a non-Aryan fashion?"

Upon investigating he found the wolf and shot him although he had no hunting license for wolves. Then he slit open his stomach and found both the grandmother and the child alive.

The wolf was assigned to the Reich Department of Nutrition. As a reward the Chief Forester received permission to wear a gold-embroidered wolf on his breast. Little Red Riding Hood became a sub-leader in the League of German Girls and the grandmother was sent to Madeira by the Strength-through-Joy organization.

Oddities

Nelson Antrim Crawford in *Household Magazine*

UNIMPORTANT but entertaining facts which I never knew till now: That Queen Victoria studied etching when she was twenty-one, but never produced a work that even her most loyal subject could admire . . . That there is more peat in the United States than in Ireland—it extends from the eastern Dakotas to the Atlantic—but little is used for fuel . . . That there have been barber shops on American railroad trains for half a century and that one railroad barber became a millionaire through a fortunate train acquaintance. (I hope that won't persuade

ALSO FROM GERMANY: "If Your Eminence has not the courage to clear this rubbish from our door, we must do it ourselves"—Kladderadatsch, Berlin

doting parents to direct their boys to barbering.) . . . That machinery is in use to sort labeled from unlabeled cans by means of the "electric eye"—there's a difference in the light reflected upon a photo-electric cell . . . That the Afghan hound is probably the oldest breed of dogs in the world, dating back well before the Christian era. (If you are anxious for an Afghan, you can buy a good one for fifteen hundred dollars.) . . . That only one ocean liner uses gyroscopes to prevent rolling and pitching. (There is a good reason—it takes three per ship, and they cost half a million dollars apiece.) . . . That anthropologists now estimate the age of the human race at between five and six million years . . . And (this is my only item from experience) that many jokes now told must go back at least two-thirds as far as that.

Japanese Jinx

The Japan Advertiser

THIRTEEN is the only number held in awe by superstitiously inclined Westerners, but in Japan superstition surrounds many numbers. The reason lies in the written language—the characters signifying some numerals may also be read to mean something else.

For instance, the characters for 42 and 44 also may be Shini and Shishi, both of which mean death. Therefore, many Japanese avoid hotel rooms, ship cabins or trains so numbered. On the other hand, they feel no qualms in renting a house numbered 4444, as grouped together in this manner the figure four may be read as "yoshi," which means good, or 44 and 44 which is even better, meaning good-good. In either case the significance is favorable.

Many Japanese are superstitious about their telephone numbers, and some who own cars are exacting about the numerals on their license plates. Although the character for 4 also means "death," a telephone number containing two fours, such as 4649, is changed to read "best wishes to everybody." Other figures considered unlucky in relation to telephone numbers are 3 and 9, which may signify bankruptcy and suffering, respectively.

Nazi Storks

by Walter Brockman in *Current History*

NAZI GERMANY in its repopulation aspect presents the picture of a vast incubator. It is kept at the required temperature by a hot-air apparatus designed by the Ministry of the Interior and operated by the Department of Eugenics with a staff of engineers whose duty it is to see that the supply never runs out and the air never cools. What emerges from this modern breeding machine is the Nordic hero and the future bearer of the Nordic hero. Before we go into the methods by which this super-human being is being achieved, let us record the fact that, to begin with, the incubator is turning out probably the biggest and bumpingest crop of illegitimate babies ever produced.

The most prolific hot-beds for this fungous crop are those two Nazi innovations, the *Landjahr* (year's compulsory work on farms) and the *Arbeitsdienst* (labor service). Under the Hitler régime all the working and potential working girls of Germany between their school-leaving age and the age of 25, in order to continue or become eligible for employment, must prove one year's work on a farm.

The ostensible reason for this is the same one as demands from the future professors of higher mathematics—a complementary education in the cardinal Nazi tenet of "Brotherhood," which is implanted by living on that earth which they are "one with," and working at the "eternal, dignifying labors of the earth, with their brethren of the soil."

You have to be on to the new German language to get the real meaning of all these words, and the *Landjahr* and *Arbeitsdienst* workers are learning it rapidly by practical experience. So are parents:

"Dear Mother: I am expecting a baby. So are three other girls here."

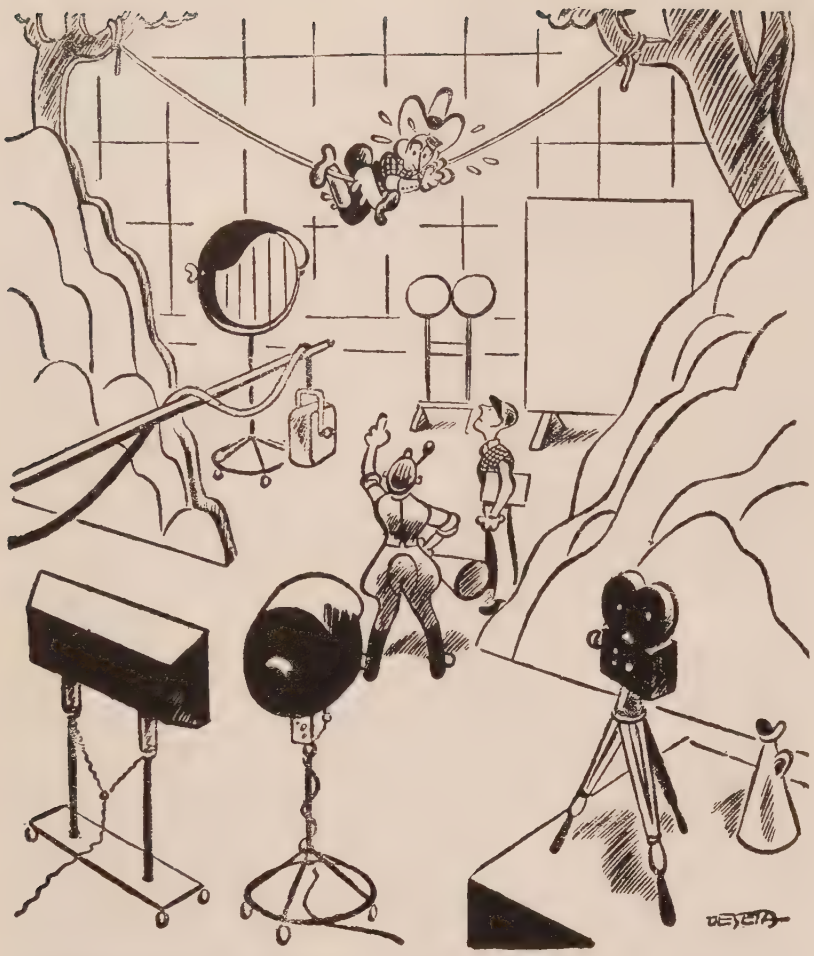
This was the unembroidered tidings sent home on an open postcard by a 15-year-old girl at a woman's labor camp. The writer saw it with his own eyes. Mothers not yet sufficiently aware that they are living in a brand new Germany are apt to heap old fashioned reproaches upon the authoress. It is taking a little while for the elders wholly to grasp the new creed as formulated in the child-mother's question, "Why, don't you know Der Fuehrer says that Germany needs children?"

FROM ENGLAND: A shadow that does not grow less — Glasgow Bulletin

Dope Merchants

The New Statesman and the Nation

THE deliberations of the League's Advisory Committee on Traffic in Opium, which has just finished its session at Geneva, have revealed an appalling state of affairs in the Far East. There is an enormous growth of trade in these noxious drugs. Not only are the Orientals



HOLLYWOOD STRIKE AS EUROPE SAW IT: "Bravo! You are the only one who has not deserted his post" "They left me up here with no means of getting down"
—Il Travaso, Rome

doping themselves more heavily, but they are pushing their narcotics steadily into North America, Egypt, and Europe.

While the Chinese are deliberately doing their best to stop the mischief, Japan is deliberately stimulating it—and making a handsome profit out of the trade.

Russell Pasha, the Egyptian Representative, declared that "90 percent of all the illicit white drugs in the world were of Japanese origin, manufactured in the Japanese concession of Tientsin, around Tientsin, or in other cities of Manchuria, Jehol, and China, and this always by Japanese or under Japanese supervision." This is concealed in practice because most of the narcotics which are intercepted bear a mark of Chinese origin. The reason for that is simple. Japanese laws do not allow the export of drugs from Japan and the poison is therefore shipped to foreign ports.

FRENCH VERSION: "The strike of the stars—do we put that under Cinema or Astronomy?"—Oeuvre, Paris

A Hokum Hoax

Gene Towne in *Stage*

WERE Hollywood suddenly to stop lushing up its assorted products with hokum, the producers would have to close.

Which brings to mind, for purposes of argument, the attitude of a certain cynical friend of mine who shall be nameless—Ted Shane. This harmless gentleman will pick up a phone book and say, "This wouldn't make a bad picture if you could only get a Boy and Girl in it!" Mr. Shane repeats this jape *ad nauseam* with Marx's *Das Kapital, Warren on Tumors,* and the *Social Register.*

This is a most unfunny remark—because it's true. It is my certain belief that were some producer struck by the screen possibilities of these four peculiar and important works of literature he could and would make pictures of them.

Were the hokum he inserted in them excellent, he'd have excellent (successful) pictures. Fact is, I myself think they're great screen material. The stage has furnished more difficult things to adapt. There's even a way of lumping them all into one colossal that should do three weeks at the Music Hall:

"A social-registered Miss—the richest girl in the world, of course—has read Karl Marx but not understood him—as who does? Anxious to learn about the collapse of the muddleclass she decides to install a four-party line so she can listen in on three lower-class neighbors, picked at random from the phone book.

"A young phone company man arrives to install the phone. They fall in love with each other immediately but naturally

ANOTHER ITALIAN VERSION: "Don't you know we are striking? Why are you working?" "Working! This is serious!"—Il Travaso, Rome

fight like hell because she wants to rise to the level of the lower classes, and he wants to sink to the level of the upper classes. He wants to get out of the phone book into the *Social Register.*

"Naturally both families oppose the marriage—we'll get the reason later. Now I'm just thinking out loud—throw in an operation on the rich father's tumor, performed with the phone lad's emergency kit—everybody forgives everybody else. The picture plays six weeks at the Music Hall instead of three, and the trade papers run ads with quotes."

And if you don't think that'd make a great picture you're crazy. It has everything it takes—and you can always throw in a night club, a few musical numbers, and an earthquake to plug any of the story holes, if there are any.

Hokum ages the day after tomorrow. But it is the brick of writing. It is as necessary as the uninteresting foundation of a house. The secret is to hide it.

The blank space above the girl awaits a photo of her murderer

MOVIES

THE WARNER Brothers' latest film, *They Won't Forget,* is a naked, clinical account of how a man gets lynched in this country. It exposes every detail with blinding clarity, it leaves nobody a hero, it trumpets no pompous solutions. It is just shockingly there—a simple statement of a thorny American problem.

This studio has surprised its public before by risking explosive sociological themes. *I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang* and *The Black Legion* served as more or less successful right uppercuts on certain deplorable practices. Yet the prison situation and the Middle Western Vigilantes are somewhat restricted issues. Lynching covers a vast territory, dragging all classes of the citizenry in its wake and frequently embroiling politics, the press, and the law. The Warners, in exposing lynching, have launched their biggest and most daring attack thus far. They say the film will fare ill in the South, but even Southerners may admit that, in spite of its indiscreet revelations, it is one of the year's most gripping stories.

The scene opens on Confederate Memorial Day in one of those sleepy and militantly Southern towns. Having played up all the touted charms of such a spot, Mervyn LeRoy, the producer-director, cuts in a statue of a famous man with one of his better known remarks carved on the pedestal: "A nation conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal."

During the parade of the doddering Confederate soldiers with accompanying speeches about the eternal glory of the "Ol' South," a girl student is murdered in the town's business college. A Negro porter and a Northern member of the faculty, Robert Hale, are known to have been in the building at the time.

A reporter, after hot copy, suggests reasons why Hale might be the logical man to indict. In return, the D. A. promises him all news in time to scoop the other papers. This he uses tabloid style, twisting interviews with Hale's wife, until the whole community is screaming for blood. The D. A. has no trouble convincing himself he is right—or rather safe—in pinning the crime on a Yankee. He indicts Robert Hale.

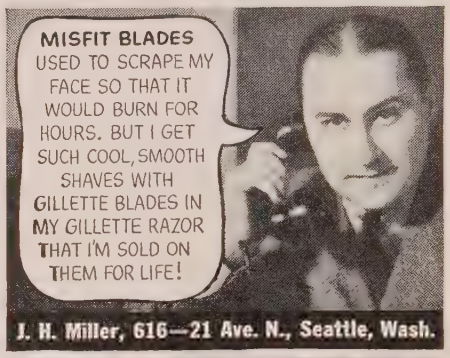
Prejudice pounds like a tom-tom until its echoes deafen the whole country: "We hate the North! The Northerner's a murderer!" A smart New York publisher sees a circulation boom for his paper in fomenting the story. He starts the counter-attack: "Don't let the bigotry of the South crucify our Northern son!" When the famous New York criminal lawyer goes idealistically to defend the case, nobody suspects he is paid to keep the friction whetted.

In one of the most agitating trials ever filmed, Hale is convicted as any one can easily predict at the outset. The point of every incident in this picture lies not in what happens, but how it happens—how the web tightens until there is no possibility of extricating the victim. Even when the Governor commutes his death sentence to life imprisonment, Robert Hale doesn't escape. A relentless mob after "justice" awaits him then.

"Misfit Blades Made My Face Smart, Burn

...says Seattle man

Read What Men Everywhere Are Saying About the Comfort of the "All-Gillette" Shave


MISFIT BLADES USED TO SCRAPE MY FACE SO THAT IT WOULD BURN FOR HOURS. BUT I GET SUCH COOL, SMOOTH SHAVES WITH GILLETTE BLADES IN MY GILLETTE RAZOR THAT I'M SOLD ON THEM FOR LIFE!

J. H. Miller, 616—21 Ave. N., Seattle, Wash.

LIFE IS TOO SHORT TO HACK AWAY AT YOUR FACE WITH MISFIT BLADES. NOW I INSIST ON GILLETTE BLADES BECAUSE I KNOW THEY'LL FIT MY GILLETTE RAZOR AND I WON'T HAVE A SORE SCRAPED FACE

Harry Chaplin, 12 Summer St., Nashua, N. H.

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

Tender-Hearted Anarchist

By D. A. de Santillan:
After the Revolution
(Greenberg, $1.25)

IN THE prison cells and in the prison yards, I used to think about the stupid penal system of the bourgeoisie and the State. I am an enemy of prisons. I would condemn a man who has committed a fault against society to make good the damages. Fascism has sown destruction in our midst, has forced us to abandon productive labor in order to turn the factories to war production. The fascist should consequently repair the damages caused.

But does he do so by being jailed or executed? Would it not be preferable to sentence him to definite work—replanting forests, building roads, public works, making bricks or cutting stones for the rebuilding of the towns destroyed by war? What revolution have we made in the penal code?

I have been present, since July 19th, at the execution of military traitors. I have even commanded firing squads. I do not repent having done so. But today, when our comrades seem to have become accustomed to the idea that the only solution for a prisoner is to shoot him, it is time to think what we are doing. We anarchists do not want the death penalty at all. I am in favor of not taking prisoners of war. I do not believe we should give quarter to the enemy; but it seems to me that executions serve to satisfy repugnant morbidness. As a disciplined militant, so long as the organization does not dispose otherwise, I shall approve all the sentences dictated by the popular courts, but I want the right to exclaim at any time that the jails do not convince me.

I don't find anything more adequate for those who have never worked than their re-education for useful labor. Instead of sentencing an enemy to 30 years of prison, I would sentence him to build 10 kilometers of public highway or plant 100,000 or 200,000 trees.

An Ex-Premier on Marriage

By Leon Blum:
Marriage
(Lippincott, $2.50)

MARRIAGE cannot be stable unless a man's ambition has already fixed a goal for itself, and has already made some progress towards that goal. It is therefore requisite that ambition and self-interest enter into married life from the outset, one of the recognized conditions of happiness. But the husband's ambition will not suffice unless the wife shares it.

Allow me to make clear what I have in my mind by telling a story. It so happened, a good many years ago now, that a great poet married quite young, in a great rapture of unselfish love. He was twenty. The girl he married was nineteen, and she loved him as passionately as he loved her. They were poor but they put their trust in one another.

But this poet of genius had such a wonderful power of domination that he soon overcame the lack of education of his time, the jealousy of his rivals and the natural indifference of the masses. Easy circumstances came to him, then fame, then all the daily duties fame brings.

What became of the young wife who loved him? Her husband remained faithful, but although he loved no other woman, other passions had come into his life, which his wife could not share.

Then there came into her home a man whom her husband welcomed as poet and friend, though in fact he was neither.

"Madame," he said to her, "that man is mad. What is his genius worth compared with your beauty? What do genius and fame weigh when balanced against the happiness of being loved by you?"

Piqued in her pride as a wife, wounded in her vanity as a lover, gradually won over by this growing love, she fell in love with her husband's friend. It is not known whether she became his mistress. For my part, I do not believe it.

But this much is certain: from that day the happiness of the married couple was at an end. Whether the wife surrendered herself to her lover or kept him at bay, it is a matter of fact that a year later, judging himself to be no longer morally bound to his wife, Hugo took a mistress. For the story I have just told is the story of Sainte-Beuve and Madame Victor Hugo.

Now let us suppose that instead, Madame Hugo had married at an age at which alone, according to my way of thinking, people ought to get married.

Various Sainte-Beuves, doubtless better chosen, would have taken up her youth. Then she would have found herself at the point where instinct, being exhausted, no longer outweighs reason. In any case, I am quite sure of this: she would never have felt injured by her husband's fame and by the measures which he took to maintain and increase it.

FASCISM

(*Continued from page 15*)

German politics. Spending considerable time slaying the fanciful Jewish dragon in the public square, like Hitler, Mosley only sees Jews on the streets, likes to generalize from particular incidents. He estimates his followers at 500,000 members, 4 million sympathizers. A ludicrous number with which no outside observer would agree. It is probably in the neighborhood of 100,000, especially since in their first election campaign last March the fascists took a bad drubbing.

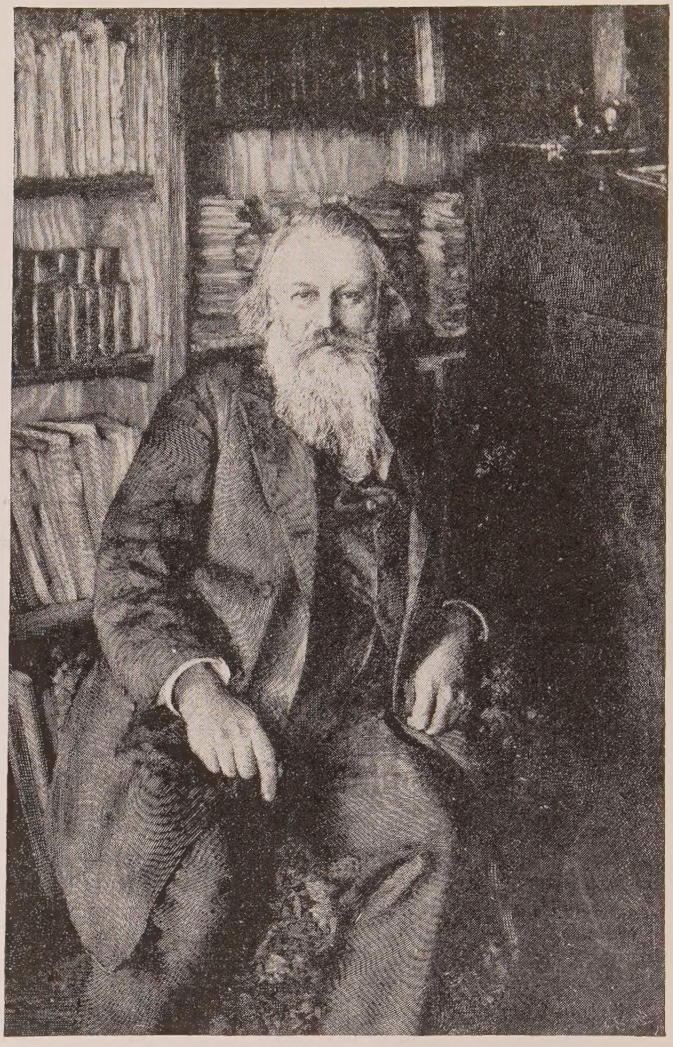
Mosley's followers are militant, devoted, well-disciplined. Until recently they wore blackshirt uniforms, modeled on those of Mussolini's blackshirts, paraded and were organized on a semi-military basis. Military terms such as "G.H.Q.," "leave," and "canteen" were continually employed. Their tactics were those of Hitler before the German Fuehrer acquired dictatorial power: provocation, provocation, and still more provocation. Like Hitler, who led his brownshirts right into the heart of the enemy's camp in Red Berlin, so Mosley leads his blackshirts into the heart of the London Jewish and anti-fascist East End, thus taunting his enemies into a rage. Often a riot results, blood is spilt, and publicity gained.

Last winter, after a series of such sorties, including one particularly ominous one on "Bloody Sunday" when there were barricades in the streets of London for the first time within living memory, English democracy and tolerance roused itself against such continental political hooliganism. Laws were passed forbidding the wearing of political uniforms and placing Mosley's future marches and provocations under closer police scrutiny. Now that Mosley's German operatics have been curtailed, his movement has lost much of its former color in so far as many of his followers are concerned. These come mainly from the middle-classes in the big cities, are mostly young, though a considerable number of retired military officers play follow the "Leader." Mosley's appeal to women is considerable

His future? Rough-and-tumble—and probably ineffective. Mosley has all the build-up, panders to the typical fascist prejudices and bogeys, but lacks the basic wherewithal. A desperate man in desperate need of a desperate situation. But England is sane and her situation is anything but desperate. Mosley stamps, but has no stamping ground.

—Julian S. Bach

MUSICAL HORIZON



Johannes Brahms, Master of Music

WHEN nearly a thousand business men assembled at Randall's Island, New York, for a summer concert of glee club music, they emphasized once more a type of performance that is far more significant in its way than most of the professional offerings of the recital platform. These men represented thirty-six glee clubs, from six states, singing under fourteen different conductors. Their bond of union, outside of music itself, is the organization known as The Associated Glee Clubs of America.

Clayton W. Old, their President, is in the elevator business, but has long made it his hobby to bring men together in massed glee club concerts, and to encourage the formation of male choruses in all parts of the country. Recently a department of Junior Glee Clubs has been added, so that it is now possible for any boy who has arrived at the voice-changing stage to find a group of singers of about his own age and musical experience and continue the habit of concerted singing until his vocal cords break down.

A country whose business and professional men go in for singing on a big scale cannot long continue in the musical darkness of which we have been accused, and that makes the Associated Glee Club movement one of the most important in the modern struggle for civilization. To hear a large group of male voices in harmony is in itself a thrilling experience, as radio listeners have realized every time one of these massed concerts went on the air. William Breach, in charge of the school music in Buffalo, put on a similar concert for the Eastern Conference of Music Educators, and there will be more of them in the future.

Composer's Problem

WHILE ASCAP deals largely with the composer of popular music, whose brain-children are daily selling toothpaste, soap, automobiles and other products over the air, there is another organization whose chief interest is in the neglected composer of music in the larger and more serious forms, particularly orchestral. This is the National Association for American Composers and Conductors, founded by Henry Hadley, dean of American symphonists. The N.A.A.C.C. is concerned primarily with getting public performances of works whose commercial value is obviously limited, but whose hearing is a most necessary element in America's aesthetic progress.

It has just been announced that next season this significant organization will sponsor the rehearsal and, if justified, the performance of at least fifteen outstanding orchestral compositions by American citizens, with the co-operation of the National Orchestral Association, under the direction of Leon Barzin. Scores should be submitted for examination by September 1st, at the N.A.A.C.C. headquarters, 15 West 67th St., New York City. If enough worthy material is discovered a festival of American music will be held.

This organization, meanwhile, is not only giving intimate and informal concerts of new American works, in which the layman can meet the composer face to face and discuss his work with him, but is also sending out two popular young artists, Jane Merchant, soprano, and Alice Decevée, pianist, in joint recitals of American music. And what with the Federal Music Project's successful Composers' Forum and Laboratory, it begins to look as if our native musical product might eventually achieve recognition if not honor in its own country.

Let's Look at the Records

THE name of Fritz Kreisler is still potent among lovers of the violin, which is enough reason for rejoicing that the Violin Sonata Society has almost completed the cycle of Beethoven sonatas recorded by that distinguished artist, with Franz Rupp at the piano. Volume III of the series includes the famous *Kreutzer* and two others, Nos. 7 and 9, leaving a tenth, opus 96, to come.

The third symphony of Brahms, which may some day be recognized as the perfect example of that perfect form of absolute music, is now available in a splendid recording by the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, under Bruno Walter, released by Victor in four discs. The same company at last offers the popular *Clair de Lune* of Debussy, in Stokowski's orchestral transcription, played under his own baton by the Philadelphia Orchestra. If there are some questions of taste, the showmanship is 100% Stokowskian.

Columbia does itself proud with a two-disc version of Wagner's *Siegfried Idyll*, played by the Paris Symphony Orchestra under Selmar Meyrowitz, a piece that almost makes one forgive the human rottenness of a great genius.

The Spice of Life

(Title registered U. S. Patent Office)

Recall—The student's allowance had run out, so he wrote home for more money. Feeling a bit nervous about the impression it would make, he ended his letter: "P.S.—I did not like writing to you. In fact, I ran after the postman to get this letter back."

A week later he received the following reply:

"You will be glad to know I did not receive your letter."

—*Vancouver Sun.*

Yes-bird—A man went into a pet shop to buy a parrot.

"Here is a fine talking bird," said the assistant. "For years he was the companion of a big movie producer—weren't you, Polly?"

"Yes, sir!" shrilled the parrot. "Yes, yes, yes, yes. Yes, indeed! You're absolutely right. Yes, sir!" —*Toronto Globe.*

Reward—The millionaire, whose daughter the young man had just saved, was insistent that he accept a cash reward. Finally, to save an embarrassing situation, our hero said casually:

"Well, if you insist, just give me a golf club."

A week later he received a telegram from the father: "Have bought for you the West-end Golfer's Club, and am now negotiating for the Sunnyside Links."—*Wall Street Journal.*

Pickpocket: Please, sir, would you mind seeing if I left a glove in your pocket just now?—Moustique, Charleroi

His Line—*Member of audience (to person in adjoining seat who is vigorously clapping):* "You seem to enjoy the music."

Clapper: "Well, as a matter of fact, I don't know very much about music; but I'm a great applauder."—*Ottawa Citizen.*

Telephoning a la Française:
"Excuse me, is your wife there?"
"No, she's out; but your wife is here."
—Guerin Meschino, Milan

OR SO THEY SAY—

Stanley Baldwin: "No state ever was or is worthy of a free man's worship."

Col. George Drew: "There are more communists in Canada today than there were in the whole of Russia when the communists seized power in 1917."

Neville Chamberlain: "My record does not include pig-headed obstinacy; I can get more money in a better way."

Ralph Linton: "Whatever happens, whites have got
"The Maxim gun, and blacks have not."

Sir Herbert Samuel: "A mixture of misery and education is highly explosive."

Bill Borah: "Dictators look upon people as so much fuel to feed the war furnace."

Adolf Hitler: "We have become suspicious."

written as a drama, *it is printed as drama*, with lists of characters and the name of the character speaking, so that there is no confusion as to who is saying what. Unimportant genealogies—the endless "begats"—having no literary interest whatever, are omitted; so also are pure repetitions, of which there are many in the Scriptures, and similar clearly unimportant passages, to the end that this noblest monument of English prose may be fully appreciated and clearly understood by any reader.

One Thing Left—To Read the Bible

Thirty-five years ago that great Biblical scholar, Professor Richard G. Moulton, said of the Scriptures: "We have done almost everything that is possible with these writings. We have overlaid them, clause by clause, with exhaustive commentaries; we have translated them, revised the translation, and quarreled over the revisions; we have discussed authenticity and inspiration, and suggested textual history with the aid of colored type; we have mechanically divided the whole into chapters and verses, and sought texts to memorize and quote. . . . There is yet one thing left to do with the Bible; simply to read it."

This edition of the Bible is designed for that purpose. May you at last, as you have long wanted to, enjoy it!

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This would never happen if you belong to the Book-of-the-Month Club. Without a cent of expense, you would be kept advised every month, through the most careful book-reporting service that has ever been organized, *about all the important new books published*, and the Club's unique system effectually insures you against missing the particular ones you wish to read.

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Most important of all, however, the varied material in the Bible is presented *as* it was originally written. Where it is a prose legend or historical narrative, *it is printed as prose:* but where a book was written as verse, perhaps handed down as a chant like the poems of Homer, *it is printed as verse*. Where it was

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